The Outlook

JULY 28, 1915

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE NEW AMERICAN NOTE

In all probability, the American reply to the German note (which appeared, with comment, in the last issue of The Outlook) will be in the hands of our readers before these lines are read. Following President Wilson's return to Washington, conferences on the reply were held between the President and his new Secretary of State, and the interchange of views between them led, it was reported, to a recasting of the first draft of the note. It was then taken up in conference with the Cabinet, and further, although probably slight, modification was made. It was expected that the note would be forwarded to Berlin by the end of last week.

Following the approval of the note by the Cabinet, what seemed to be somewhat authoritative statements were made in the press despatches as to the general character of the note. These statements seemed to center around the phrase "firm, but friendly." As a matter of course there will be no drawing back from the positions repeatedly taken by the United States as to the rights of American citizens on the high seas and the violation of international law involved in attacks upon merchant ships without steps to secure the lives of non-combatants. It is obvious that, unless this general principle is maintained, there can be no security for Americans on non-combatant ships of whatever nation, and therefore American rights are directly involved in the larger international question.

Other points noted in the published summaries are: The plea that retaliation makes attack on non-combatants right is in itself a confession of illegality; the fact that submarine captains have saved passengers and crews in several instances shows that it is possible to do so. Any further violation of the principles for which we contend, which result in abbreviating neutral rights or injury to Americans, will be viewed as "unfriendly." Disavowal of the sinking of the Lusitania and reparation are still insisted upon. The United States is willing to act as an intermediary between the belligerents to arrange a *modus vivendi*, but not to do anything which would involve a surrender of its own rights.

It is also all but certain that the United States will not in this note consent to consider German proposals for safeguarding American ships and passengers on the impossible conditions laid down by the German Government. The forecasts of the note indicate that it contains an assertion that to accept such suggestion would be to admit Germany's right to set aside the American contention based on fundamental principles in international law—that neutrals may travel anywhere on the high seas on unresisting ships of any nationality, even if carrying contraband.

It is also said that the note will probably have an "air of finality" which would place on Germany the responsibility for anything done hereafter to endanger the friendly relations of the two countries. This would not only be no advance on our repeated statement that we will hold Germany to "strict accountability," but would be a withdrawal from a firm protest to a weak and tentative declaration.

THE ATTACK ON THE ORDUNA

Whether or not the attack on the Orduna is discussed in the American note, it has a vital bearing on the critical relations of the United States and Germany. One newspaper comment pointedly says, "The new note to Germany was answered, before it was written, by the Orduna incident." As a matter of literal fact, the attack took place on the very day when the text of the German reply was handed to Ambassador Gerard in Berlin; but there is significance in the simultaneous issuing of an evasive, non-responsive diplomatic letter and the doing of an act which in its intent was base and murderous. Here was a merchant ship, unarmed, manned by non-combatants, carrying no munitions of war, a passenger vessel with many Americans on board. Germany knew these things perfectly well, for the Orduna was outward bound from England. If the submarine had

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acted contrary to orders, the fact would have been proclaimed at once. There is, then, every reason to believe that it was Germany's deliberate intention to declare (for acts speak louder than words) that she maintains her claim of right to torpedo without warning, visit, or search British passenger ships, whether American passengers are on board or not. In every single point the attack on the Orduna was a blow in the face to every one of the contentions presented in our notes, as to those things for which we should hold Germany to a "strict accountability." Polite remonstrances to acts like this are empty and useless. Germany's crass and piratical theory of reprisal comes simply to this: If our enemy breaks over or extends existing rules of war as to commerce, we are thereby justified in violating every law and every principle of humanity.

The Orduna's story was not known until she reached New York, nine days after the attack—it took place on July 9. The reports of officers and passengers are clear and the facts certain. Not more than twenty-five miles from where the Lusitania sank, just before six o'clock in the morning, without the slightest warning, a submarine's torpedo "swished through the sea less than ten feet from her rudder." Several officers saw the trail. The nearness of the torpedo's course makes it impossible that it could have been a warning to halt, nor is a torpedo used in submarine warfare for that purpose. Almost immediately a submarine of the new type rose to the surface and for fifteen minutes fired shell after shell at the Orduna. The shells fell close to the ship, but none hit her, and the ship escaped, her twenty-two American passengers doubtless reflecting on the degree of protection that had been afforded them by our various paper protests to Germany! Up to this writing, July 21, the German Government has neither denied, disavowed, nor apologized for the barbarous assault.

But Germany has expressed regret for her admitted torpedoing of the Nebraskan. It was, it seems, "an unfortunate accident." The captain of the submarine was not to blame. Why? Because, following sea usage, the Nebraskan did not fly its flag after twilight. In other words, if the ship had been British and the crew had been killed, it would not have been an accident, but a "victory." Furthermore, American ships on the high seas are to be subject to attack unless they are lucky enough and have time enough to establish their identity before sudden and deadly attack; the submarine has no responsibility. This of course is topsy-turvy law and, morally speaking, plain bloodthirstiness. In this case also Germany's perversity and persistence in lawbreaking make further argument impossible.

That Germany at heart cares nothing about American rights at sea has been shown also by the arrogant action of a German submarine captain who not long ago was reported to have stopped the American bark Normandie near Ireland and, under threats, to have forced her commander to maneuver his vessel so as to shield the submarine and favor her attack on a Russian ship. Has our Government verified or disproved this report; or is it satisfied to have American ships forced to act under duress as German warservants?

LABOR AND THE WAR

"Labor pays the price of war," Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, said in an interview published recently in The Outlook. We disagree with Mr. Gompers. No class in society can escape the price of war; capitalists, laborers, and those in the class between capital and labor, which is not inconsiderable, although it is commonly overlooked—the middle class of doctors, lawyers, ministers, schoolteachers, journalists—every one must help to bear the huge burden which Mars puts upon a country. What Mr. Gompers probably meant was that labor has to pay more than its fair share of the price. Probably that is often so. At any rate, it seems to have been a conviction that labor was being asked to do more than its just share in carrying the burdens of this war that has been the underlying cause of the labor troubles in the Welsh coal mines, in the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, and in the arms and ammunition factories at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A demand for higher wages, based on the assertion that, while the workingmen were working overtime at labor of great importance to their respective countries, the profits of their labor were going to the private capitalists owning the factories and mines in which they were engaged, has been the essential in the grievances of the dissatisfied workers in Germany, in America, and in Wales. Reports of the progress of the dispute at the Krupp works have been very meager, and not, ap-

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parently, very reliable; but their purport is that, while some of the men have gone to the trenches rather than continue in the overworked gun factories, the majority have stayed at their machines under threats from the military and after a grant of part of their demands by their employers.

A thoroughgoing strike of the machinists in the Remington and allied arms factories at Bridgeport was avoided at the eleventh hour by the action of the Remington Company, which promised its men an eight-hour day and a substantial increase in pay, to take effect on August 1. As we go to press, it is said that just one per cent of the twenty-eight hundred machinists in Bridgeport are on strike, but the labor men insist that a widespread strike will soon develop.

More serious than either the dispute at the Krupp or the Remington works was the trouble in the Welsh coal mines. As this issue of The Outlook goes to press the mines have been paralyzed for a week; but an agreement has apparently been reached between the miners and mine-owners, the latter, it is reported, having agreed to such a considerable grant of the strikers' demands, including a substantial increase in wages, that the executive committee of the miners is claiming a victory for labor. On July 21 the striking miners voted to accept the conditions offered, and as the result of this vote the entire two hundred thousand of them will return to work at once and agree to abide by the terms of the settlement until six months after the termination of the war.

It has been alleged that German influence and German gold have been largely responsible for the fomenting of both the Welsh and Remington strikes, but not a scintilla of evidence has been brought forward to prove this contention. Of course Germany and German sympathizers in Great Britain and America would like to see both the latter countries tied up by strikes for the rest of the war; but, although there is a large Hungarian element in the Bridgeport factories, it seems certain that the trouble there, like the trouble in Wales, has been purely a class affair. The profits of the owners of the coal mines and of the arms factories have been greatly increased since the war, but, while the workingman's cost of living has risen tremendously, his wages have not. Unpatriotic as it would be for the laborers of a country at war to tie up the nation's industries, it is right that they should have their just share of the profits. Otherwise, with capitalists reaping huge gains from their country's predicament, and with labor dissatisfied, it would be to the interest of certain capitalists to foment war. Moreover, with class war excited by international war, Government ownership of industries would inevitably come. In fact, there has been much talk of the Government taking over the coal mines in Wales. If state Socialism is to be avoided, society must maintain the balance between capital and labor, permitting neither to exploit the other nor to bulldoze the Government.

THE WARNING TO ENGLAND

In upholding the rights of Americans and other neutrals against infractors of international law, it makes no difference to the United States who these violators may be. As Germany has been more flagrant in her violation of such rights, our protests to her have been louder than our protests to other aggressors; but we are not overlooking any infractions whatsoever. The conduct of our controversy with Great Britain over her North Sea blockade, while we are at the same time protesting against Germany's submarine attacks on merchant ships, is evidence of our determination, as the largest neutral nation, to stand for the observance of international law by every one in this world conflict.

Secretary Lansing has made public a paraphrase of the formal warning recently sent to the British Government, which is understood to forecast the note that is soon to follow in regard to the rights of neutral shipping in the North Sea. "The Government of the United States," runs the American warning, "informs the British Government that in so far as the interests of American citizens are concerned it will insist upon their rights under the principles and rules of international law as hitherto established governing neutral trade in time of war, without limitation or impairment by orders in Council or other municipal legislation by the British Government, and will not recognize the validity of prize court proceedings taken under restraints imposed by British municipal law in derogation of the rights of American citizens under international law."

It is understood that in the forthcoming note to England the United States will deny the right of Great Britain to interpose a blockade between this country and Holland,

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Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, on the grounds that international law does not sanction the blockade of a neutral. While England cannot stop the trade between Sweden and Germany across the Baltic, the United States Government feels that it is a discrimination against America to cut off our trade with the Scandidavian countries.

GERMANY AND RUMANIA

Like the protests of the German Social-Democrats against a war of conquest and aggression, and like the stand taken by Admiral von Truppel, of the German navy, against submarine attacks on merchantmen, the action of a number of German bankers in waiting upon the Kaiser and urging the necessity of a speedy termination of the war indicates that rebellion against the ideals of Prussianism is growing in Germany. So, likewise, does the manifesto denouncing the "accursed yoke of Prussian militarism," alleged to have been signed by members of the German Humanity League.

There is much irony in the spectacle of Germany, the violator of treaties and the professed disbeliever in the efficacy of all "scraps of paper," asking Rumania to "promise" to remain neutral, in return for concessions in Bukowina and the promise of Bessarabia. Must Germany not indeed be hard pressed when she seeks security in the plighted word of a small neighbor?

This Rumanian neutrality which Germany wants so much she wants largely in order that she may send arms and munitions to hard-pressed Turkey through the Balkan State. Such a passage of arms from one belligerent to another through a neutral state would be a most unneutral act, yet Germany professes not to see it, while she protests loudly against the legitimate manufacture of arms in America for sale to the Allies. It matters greatly whose ox is gored.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST WARSAW

Taking up the purely military events of the week, the operations everywhere else were overshadowed by the fighting in the German campaign against Warsaw. There was almost no decisive news from the Dardanelles or from the French front, while practically the most striking item from Rome narrated the sinking of the Italian cruiser Giuseppe Garibaldi by an Austrian submarine off Ragusa, in the Adriatic.

From the south, from the west, and from the north the Austro-Germans have been closing in on Warsaw. Never in the two previous German drives into Poland was the ancient city so beleaguered and in such peril as to-day. The Russian lines, as this is written, are apparently still holding along the upper Bug River and on the Zlota Lipa; but the Germans at the northern tip of the great arc which they form have penetrated to within a short distance of Riga; farther south they claim to have captured the great fortress of Ostrolenka, while Petrograd admits that the Teutons are within artillery range of Novo Georgievsk, the great bulwark of Warsaw on the northwest. Farther south, Radom, on the railway to Ivangorod has fallen. Perhaps the most critical point in the whole eastern battle line is in the section on the Lublin-Cholm Railroad, where a great battle has been raging for days. Mr. Stanley Washburn, correspondent of the London "Times," who recently toured the Russian line from Bukowina to Warsaw, wires to his paper that "the focus of the entire situation falls on the army, which extends from a point southwest of Cholm to slightly southeast of Lublin. . . . It has now become pretty obvious that the enemy is reaching the real point of his aim in his whole campaign, on which must rest the success or failure of the entire operation. This is apparently the seizure of the Lublin railway in the center, paralyzing the whole southern front and breaking in between the two groups in order to endeavor to force the evacuation of Warsaw."

A Budapest despatch reports that the gradual evacuation of Warsaw has already been ordered. Of course the Russians cannot afford to be surrounded in Warsaw and forced to surrender in large numbers; but the great Polish city has been splendidly fortified and may be defended by the Russians much longer and much more desperately than were Przemysl and Lemberg.

TWO PROTESTS

Two communications, from two prominent Americans, concerning the German Government's attitude have been published. The first was an open letter to the President from ex-Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, now eighty-seven years old, and long one of the most prominent figures in our political life. After

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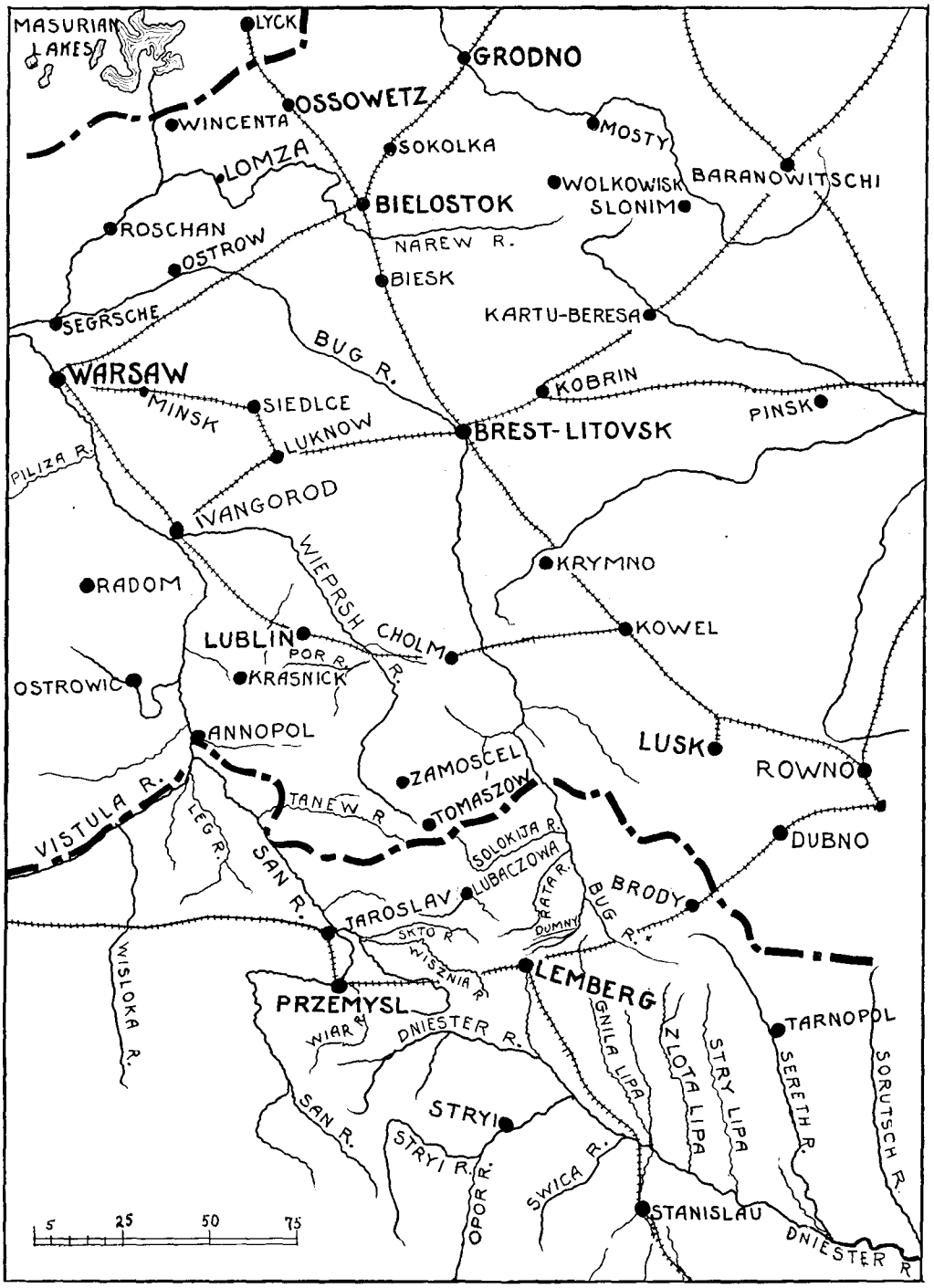

THE CRISIS IN THE WARSAW CAMPAIGN

The Austro-German battle line, now about a thousand miles long, is closing about Warsaw from north, west, and south; but the crisis in the whole campaign for the Polish metropolis seems to have come at the sector of the line between Lublin and Cholm, on the railway that passes through these towns from Warsaw. The Teutons are trying to break the Russian line at this point, cutting off the southern wing of the Slavs from Warsaw, and hacking at that city's communications in the rear

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recounting the substance of the German reply to our Government's note, Mr. Edmunds concludes that Germany is attempting "Fabian or Chinese tactics," which he resents. He would "cease futile correspondence;" he would "withdraw our Ambassador and send to the German Ambassador his passports."

More impressive still is the communication from David Jayne Hill, the biographer and editor of Grotius, and the author of a monumental work on the history of diplomacy. Dr. Hill has an intimate acquaintance with present-day international politics. He has been Assistant Secretary of State and Ambassador to Germany.

Dr. Hill declares that occasions may arise when silence, delay, and prolonged negotiations are, not only humiliating, but fatal to the prestige and the future influence of a nation. Particularly with regard to the Lusitania controversy, he emphasizes two points as being the only ones involved:

1. Was the sinking of the Lusitania in accordance with the accepted rules of international law, or was it not?
2. Does the Imperial German Government maintain its right and intention to disregard those rules in its treatment of the citizens of a neutral and friendly country, or does it not?

Upon the answers to these two questions naturally depends the course that should be followed. The controversy would end, asserts Dr. Hill, if the German Government gave assurance that the rules in question would be observed. But it would be difficult to regard the friendly professions of that Government as sincere, the writer adds, if the German Government does not intend to recognize international law, but to act and maintain its right to act in defiance of it; while on our part it would be insincere to accept the German affirmations of friendship and, above all, to express sentiments of confidence and amity in return. Dr. Hill concludes with these trenchant words:

A frank and ready answer to these questions might reasonably be expected of a friendly nation. . . . Until an answer is given mere assertion of friendship and the discussion of minor questions on either side only serve to obscure the vital issue. . . . A question of international duty should never be encumbered by the possible consequences of a right decision.

We wish that these two communications might receive as wide publicity in Germany as they already have received in America.

SECRETARY DANIELS'S NEW BOARD

In the illustrated section of this week's Outlook there is a picture of Secretary Daniels and Thomas A. Edison. The reason why these two men should be pictured together is shown in the following quotation from a letter which Secretary Daniels has addressed to the presidents of the eight leading scientific societies in the country.

A few days ago, as you have doubtless seen in the papers, desiring to make available the latent inventive genius of our country to improve our navy, I requested Thomas A. Edison to become chairman of an advisory committee of eminent men who would make up the committee. Mr. Edison, with the patriotism characteristic of American inventors, accepted the call to duty. . . .

Will you not, as president of your society, arrange to secure the selection of two of its members to serve on this Advisory Board? I feel that the work your society has done has been such as to give it the right to be in a way officially represented, and the Navy Department desires in this way to testify to its own appreciation of the splendid work for our country that your society has done. In addition, I feel that the judgment of your members as to who is best qualified among you to serve on this board will be far better than my own. . . .

I am going to ask you to take a poll by letter of your members, or in whatever way seems to you most certain of securing the men desired by the majority of your organization to choose two of your members to serve on this board, and it will give me great pleasure, when you have furnished me these names, to extend the gentlemen the formal invitation of the Department.

The purpose of the Secretary of the Navy in seeking to obtain the co-operation of the leading scientific men of the country in the upbuilding of the navy is indeed admirable. If, under the chairmanship of Mr. Edison, the new Naval Advisory Board of Invention and Development finds it possible to pursue its work in hearty co-operation with the naval authorities, this proposal may prove of far-reaching importance.

In stating our belief that the new project deserves the sincere support of both military and civilian authorities, it may be well, however, to add that a certain danger of misunderstanding its scope and significance has arisen from the manner in which the project has been heralded in the public press. To read some of the eulogies of Secretary Daniels's excellent proposal, one would imagine that inventive genius and the resources of science had never

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been placed at the disposal of our military and naval authorities before. One might be led to suppose, further, that the technical branches of the service were lacking both in initiative and perseverance in the scientific development of the business of warfare. Any one at all familiar with the history of American invention and with the record of our army and navy will know how far from the truth any such thought must be. If we have failed to take advantage of new military inventions, the fault has laid with Congress rather than with the authorities of our army and navy. The failure of Stevens and Ericsson, of Wright, and of Lake to secure full Congressional recognition of the services which they might have rendered to the country are too familiar to need more than a passing reference. The work of Dahlgren, of Melville, and of Bowles and Crozier, may be taken at random as illustrations of successful constructive effort within the Service. In spite of the fact that Secretary Daniels has been unpolitic enough apparently to ignore the inventiveness and resourcefulness in the Service, the officers of the navy can be counted on to co-operate in this effort. This is a fine proof of their loyalty and patriotism. If Secretary Daniels's Board does result in a closer co-operation between civilian and military enterprise, it will have accomplished much; if it results in the creation of a non-partisan scientific authority to which Congress will give heed and attention, it will have accomplished even more.

THE RELEASE OF THAW

Harry K. Thaw is legally at liberty for the first time since his assassination of Stanford White nine years ago. The peculiar legal history of his case is unfortunately only too familiar to the American newspaper-reading public to need repetition. He gained his freedom as a result of a habeas corpus proceeding before Judge Hendrick in New York City.

It was the purpose of this hearing to determine whether or not he was still insane. After a prolonged endeavor by the State to prove that Thaw was irresponsible, and an equally prolonged and strenuous endeavor on the part of his lawyers to prove that he was mentally competent, the advisory jury of laymen recommended to the Judge that Thaw be discharged from custody. Judge Hendrick accepted the finding of the jury and released Thaw on bail, pending an appeal by the State. In many ways the legal procedure of what promises to be the final act in this tragedy of errors furnished quite the most unedifying spectacle of all those who are interested in maintaining a belief in the intelligence of the law.

The question at issue was whether Thaw was or was not still insane, as he has been declared to be on three separate occasions. If Thaw is still insane, he is diseased in mind. A disease of the mind is as much a proper subject for professional diagnosis as a disease of the body; yet in the hearings before the Court there was admitted as competent evidence the testimony of many lay witnesses whose chief claim to the attention of the Court lay in the fact that they had met Thaw during his recent sojourn in Canada and New Hampshire and had generally profited by the acquaintance. Surely such testimony as to his mental condition was of no more value than similar testimony would have been as to whether he was suffering from cirrhosis of the liver.

Such expert testimony as was given at the trial was given by experts for the State and by experts testifying for Thaw. Without questioning the sincerity of such testimony, it may be pointed out that the provision of a permanent commission for the determination of such questions as arose in this last and successful effort for the release of Thaw would remove many of the obvious and unescapable objections to the present practice.

CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE AND THE CRIMINAL NEWS

Following the successful attempt of Emil Muenter to commit suicide in the jail at Mineola, Long Island, an attempt which the most rudimentary precautions would have made impossible, a similar instance of almost criminal negligence on the part of prison guards comes from Georgia.

In the first case, the suicide of Muenter was of National importance in that it frustrated all efforts to disclose other criminal conspiracies which may have been entered upon by this homicidal partisan. The negligence of the prison guards in the Milledgeville Prison, in Georgia, resulted in a crime of less far-reaching political importance, but a crime of peculiar atrocity.

It is in this prison that Leo Frank was sent to serve out a life imprisonment

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after the commutation of his sentence by Governor Slaton. The bitter popular feeling against Frank had penetrated to within the prison walls. One of the convicts in the dormitory where Frank was confined assaulted him with a butcher knife used in the prison for killing hogs, and succeeded in slashing his throat so severely that for several days it remained a question whether or not he would recover. Under the circumstances, the placing of Frank in a dormitory where he could be subjected to such violence, and, above all, the negligence which resulted in the possession of so dangerous a weapon in the hands of a man already three times a murderer, warrants condemnation as severe as that meted out by public opinion to the authorities of the Mineola jail.

The last chapter of another celebrated case which has attracted as wide attention throughout the country as that of Leo Frank may have been written before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers. It is on July 26 that ex-Lieutenant Becker, of the New York police force, is sentenced to die for his responsible share in the murder of Herman Rosenthal. On July 20 the final effort to secure a commutation of his sentence, or a stay of his execution, was made in an appeal to Governor Whitman, who, as District Attorney of New York City, was responsible for Becker's first and second conviction.

This appeal is in many ways an extraordinary document. It purports to give in full Becker's version of the events leading up to the murder of Rosenthal, and of the secret highways that led from the underworld of Rose and Vallon to the political stronghold in which Becker himself was once so firmly ensconced. Becker's story is told with the most painstaking detail and with a circumstantial corroboration which, if it is to be accepted as true, must first be accepted as evidence of the possession of an extraordinary memory on the part of Becker. Like Becker's previous testimony, his present story admittedly shows that he himself was in constant and close communication with the influences which it was his duty as a police officer to suppress. His chief accusation of responsibility for the murder of Rosenthal is directed against a Tammany politician who is now dead.

Becker's plea in no way promises to be of service to the District Attorney's office in any future investigation. The improbability that Governor Whitman would act on it was an indication of the desperation that prompted it.

A NATIONAL BUSINESS TRIBUNAL

Our readers will recall an article in the issue of The Outlook for February 3 which reviewed the purposes and achievements of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. This National organization, through its unique system of referendum, is steadily developing an interest in important public questions among business men. We have already reported in the pages of The Outlook the fact that in a referendum submitted to more than six hundred commercial organizations throughout the country, representing a combined membership of three hundred thousand business men, the vote was nearly eight to one against Government ownership of a merchant marine. It is now proposed in the same way to ascertain the business sentiment of the country with regard to the La Follette Seamen's Act.

What is perhaps still more important, we learn from the headquarters of the National Chamber of Commerce at Washington that a referendum will be taken throughout the country to get the opinion of business men as to whether or not it is desirable for the United States to join a league of all nations binding the signatories to the proposals framed at the recent Conference in Philadelphia of the League to Enforce Peace, under the chairmanship of ex-President Taft. The purport of the four articles adopted at the Philadelphia Conference is to submit all justiciable questions not settled by negotiation to an international judicial tribunal, and the signatory Powers shall agree to jointly use their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before the question at issue is submitted to the international judicial tribunal.

While this is perhaps the most important question which the National Chamber can submit to its members at the present time, there is a second National question of almost equal interest and value upon which the National Chamber has already exerted marked influence. This is the question concerning the plan for a National budget. President Wilson, it is reported, has expressed to officers of the National Chamber of Commerce his personal interest in the budget plan and his desire to take it up with a committee of the House of Representatives already appointed for the purpose of considering this reform in the business administration of the

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Government. The first referendum issued after the National Chamber of Commerce came into being was on this subject. The members of the National Chamber of Commerce stand committed to the budget principle. Indeed, President Fahey and General Secretary Elliot H. Goodwin have already stated through the columns of The Outlook that the budget referendum was to a large extent the first step in a National educational campaign in civics and politics. We hope that business organizations and individual business men of the country will take a real interest in National discussions and ballotings in connection with public questions carried on in this way. They express a high form of democracy and of Nationalism in business. In no way can the Chamber of Commerce of the United States be of greater service to the country than through its system of referendum.

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

Mr. St. Clair McKelway, who died recently at his home in Brooklyn, had been a conspicuous figure for many years both in journalism and—at least in the State of New York—in education. He did not get beyond the normal school in his own training, and at the age of sixteen he was already engaged in newspaper work for a local New Jersey journal. From that position, by the way of Trenton, he came to New York, studied law, and showed his instinct for journalism by acting as a reporter for the Brooklyn "Eagle." He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and at once began the practice of his profession. He almost immediately abandoned it to join the staff of the New York "World" as correspondent in Washington. During the same period he also served the Brooklyn "Eagle" in the same capacity, and three years later he became its leading editorial writer. Several years later he was called to Albany as the editor-in-chief of the "Argus," and his six years' work in that position gave him an intimate acquaintance with the politics of the State, and with its leading editors as well.

At the very time when Mr. McKelway was about to make the capital blunder of taking office as a postmaster Thurlow Weed gave him sound advice against forsaking journalism, and in 1884 Mr. McKelway became editor-in-chief of the Brooklyn "Eagle," a position which he filled to the end of his life. He achieved a difficult and well-earned success, for the Brooklyn "Eagle," without ceasing to be in a very genuine sense a local newspaper in its care for and report of local interests, became a journal of National importance. Mr. McKelway's editorials were quoted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the Brooklyn "Eagle" was found in all parts of the country, and in Europe as well. There have been few leading European hotels during the last few years, it is said, in which copies of the Brooklyn "Eagle" did not appear.

Mr. McKelway was a man of great vitality and working force. One of his great interests was education, and, although not a man of college training, he became a member of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York in 1883. Seven years later he was elected Vice-Chancellor, and in 1913 he became Chancellor. He was also interested in the drama, in music, and in the fine arts generally; he was a collector of mahogany, china, and rugs; he was frequently heard on public occasions, and was a speaker of extraordinary brilliancy. He was man of generous tastes and a fine example of the active and energetic American who uses all his opportunities for self-education. He held honorary degrees from a number of universities; he was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and of many other organizations, historical, literary, and social.

SOME MIDSUMMER SPORTS

That the possession of brawn does not necessarily preclude the possession of brains is the lesson taught us by young Mr. Norman S. Taber, lately an Oxford Rhodes scholar, who recently, in the Harvard Stadium, established a new world's record of four minutes twelve and three-fifths seconds for the mile run, breaking by three-twentieths of a second the record of four minutes twelve and three-fourths seconds, which was established by W. G. George, of England, twenty-nine years ago. Stop-watches to-day record fifths—not fourths—of a second. It may seem like putting too fine a point upon a running race to time it to twentieths of a second; but in this age of specialization nothing is more highly specialized than athletics; and, as five of the most reliable watch-holders in the country all caught Mr. Taber's time alike, there is little doubt that he fairly tied the record and that technically he certainly broke it.

But, as we said before, the interesting

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thing about this achievement of wind and muscle is that it was accomplished by a man of more than ordinary intellectual development. Mr. Taber is an American who, after his graduation from Brown University, went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. He was a runner of ability when at Brown; he continued to develop brain and body together at Oxford, and his running has improved as his mind has broadened and matured.

There is a special reason why Americans should be proud of Mr. Taber's achievement, however. Until recently it had been a tradition that, while Americans were supreme in the dashes and field events, which require tense skill and quick effort rather than endurance, they were usually inferior to their British cousins in the long runs, which require what the Englishman calls "bottom," or what the American youth less euphoniously terms "guts." Mr. Taber has helped to shatter this tradition and vindicate American staying power.

Incidentally, on the same afternoon that Taber was replacing the figures that the Englishman George had set up in the mile in 1886, another American, William H. Meanix, loped over the 440-yard low hurdles in 54 3–5 seconds, breaking the record of 56 4–5 seconds which G. R. L. Anderson, of England, established in 1910. Mr. Meanix, who is a Harvard graduate, has like Mr. Taber shown us that a man properly reaches his greatest skill in athletics after his college days are over.

SWIMMING, TENNIS, AND BASEBALL

Although this is the season when undergraduates are at rest after the athletic activities of the college year, there has been a good deal going on to hold the attention of the lover of clean sport. There was much notable swimming at the indoor swimming championships of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The most interesting figure was the redoubtable Hawaiian Duke Kahanamoku, who, among other things, succeeded in making a mark of 54 2–5 seconds for the hundred-yards swim, lowering his own world's record by one-fifth of a second. Ludy Langer, of Los Angeles, set up a new American record in the 500-yards event, and also broke the American record of Duke Kahanamoku in the quarter-mile swim, while Michael McDermott, of the Illinois Athletic Club, broke his own world's record in the 200-yard breast-stroke event. A new American women's record for 220 yards was established by Miss Frances Cowells, of San Francisco. The results of the swimming meet were as follows: Central Association, 34 points; Hawaiian, 28; Pacific, 25; Pacific-Northwest, 8; Middle Atlantic, 3; Metropolitan, 1.

The West decisively defeated the East in the Exposition tennis, winning three out of four matches in the singles, and being victorious in both the doubles matches. Maurice E. McLoughlin revenged his defeat of last year, when he lost the National championship to R. Norris Williams, by beating the Harvard star in comfortable fashion. John R. Strachan vanquished W. M. Washburn, and William Johnston defeated G. N. Church. The only Easterner to win was Dean Mathey, the former Princeton player, who beat T. C. Bundy, of Los Angeles, after the hardest contest of the series. In the doubles Strachan and Johnston easily defeated Williams and Washburn, and after a harder contest Bundy and McLoughlin beat Church and Mathey.

Lovers of professional baseball are enjoying two remarkably close races in the two major leagues, the American and the National. The Boston, Chicago, and Detroit teams are struggling neck and neck for the lead in the American League, Boston having just pushed Chicago out of first place as this is written. Rarely, if ever, has mid-season been reached with eight teams so closely grouped as they now are in the National League. Philadelphia is ahead as we go to press, but Chicago, Brooklyn, and New York are so close behind that a week's play might see the first and fourth teams change places. In fact, Cincinnati, which is in last place, is only nine and one-half games behind the leaders and may very likely yet win the pennant. The world's champions, the Boston Braves, having long rested in the "cellar" position, have begun to move upward, and the fans are wondering if the Boston team will repeat its spectacular feat of last year when, in mid-July, it began a spurt that carried it from last place to first in the National League, and thence to world's championship honors. Stranger things than a duplication of this performance have happened in baseball, which is the most uncertain of all sports played by man.

UNIVERSITY TUITION

The question of college and university tuition is a troublesome one. The universities have been spending a great deal more

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on each student's education than the sum paid by the student into the university treasury. As a matter of fact, higher education in this country is, and has to be, conducted at a great cost, and the students have never paid as large a proportion of that cost as they might have done.

This is evident from the latest report of the United States Commissioner of Education. The following statement concerning three well-known universities is interesting:

	From Tuition and Room Rent.	From Endowment.	Other Current Income.	Paid by Students. Per Cent.
Cornell...	$526,000	$448,000	$1,018,000	26
Harvard.	876,000	1,278,000	369,000	34
Yale.....	680,000	812,000	165,000	41

In this connection, our institutions of higher learning may be divided roughly into the following classes:

1. Universities founded and supposedly exclusively maintained by the State—institutions like the Universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and California. And yet we find that these universities are constantly receiving large private gifts.

2. Universities originally belonging, largely or wholly, to the State, like Tulane or Princeton, which now receive little or no State support.

3. Universities entirely under private control, like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or the Johns Hopkins University, for instance. And yet these receive large sums from the State.

It may be noted also that a university which bears the name of a State—the University of Pennsylvania, for example—though receiving annual gifts from the State, is entirely under private control; again, another, Purdue University, whose name suggests private control, is owned by the State.

Still again, it should be noted that State institutions which charge little or no tuition to students from the particular State seldom provide private dormitory accommodations, which materially lessen the cost of living at the privately controlled institutions, with their larger tuitions.

As a whole, the recent movement towards increasing the tuition in our colleges and universities would seem to have added an average of about twenty-five dollars to the cost per student. Most authorities agree that the increased cost of living has made this increase necessary.

The question arises, however, will this increase in tuition fee give greater point to the expression, "a rich man's college"? Some of our colleges have suffered unduly from this charge. There is one rejoinder, at least. The advantages in most of our colleges and universities are likely to be proportionate to the tuition.

In addition, an adequate scholarship system may give to the "poor but deserving" lad the opportunity that ought to be his. Certainly any increase in tuition should include corresponding rebates to scholarship men.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION HOTEL IN CHICAGO

On another page we present a picture showing how the nineteen-story Young Men's Christian Association hotel in Chicago will look when completed.

A survey of the lodging-houses and cheap hotels in Chicago made some time ago by the Young Men's Christian Association showed disheartening conditions. Boys and young men coming to the city for work were handicapped by the unwholesome and often vicious atmosphere which surrounded them. It was felt that there should be a decent hotel which could house those who were seeking work. Among others, the late Jacob A. Riis, prominent in every similar social endeavor, stimulated the interest in the subject. With characteristic energy, the men of Chicago generously put themselves behind the enterprise. Eleven men subscribed $50,000 apiece, and others gave perhaps more generously according to their means. The total cost of the hotel, it is estimated, will be $1,100,000.

There are to be eighteen hundred single sleeping-rooms in the hotel. The minimum charge for a night will be twenty-five cents and the maximum forty cents. The main lobby is to have a seating capacity of more than one thousand, and the hotel guests will be entertained there every evening by moving pictures and stereopticon lectures. What is even more to the point, a vocational bureau will be established where young men will be advised as to securing suitable employment.

The creation of such an enginery for good will be to the lasting credit of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. By such a hotel the self-respecting, transient type of young man will have a proper chance, and what helps one such will help all.

We hope, too, that what is now being

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accomplished in Chicago will be accomplished in many other cities, by the inspiration of Chicago's example.

TWO ART EXHIBITS

There are at present two art exhibitions open in New York City which are of special interest and significance. One is of modern American sculpture, the other is of paintings. The former was opened recently in an old building in the rear of the Richmond Borough Hall, at St. George, Staten Island. The other was opened in the Washington Irving High School. Both are efforts to bring art nearer to the people.

The former is being conducted by the Staten Island Association of Arts and Sciences. It includes more than fifty pieces by such plastic workers as Daniel C. French, Herbert Adams, Miss Carol B. McNeil, John J. Boyle, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Knauth, and A. Phimister Proctor.

The second exhibition is under the direction of a committee organized for the purpose of utilizing the opportunity provided in the halls of the Washington Irving High School. These halls are suitable for the hanging of moderate-sized collections, and the building itself is located on the edge of the East Side. It was felt that, the space being available and the principle well established that the school-house should be made a neighborhood center, the time was ripe to open that type of institution so rare in this country—a municipal art gallery. Several exhibitions of forms of art work related closely to the kind of instruction given in the Washington Irving High School, such as illustrating, poster and dress designing, have been held. In June a collection of old and modern foreign paintings was hung, the pictures being lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was opened on June 10, in the presence of several city officials. There are seventy-three paintings by sixty-seven artists, the subjects being chosen with special reference to their human interest. Most of the pictures portray the pleasures, occupations, and dress of the countries and times in which the artists lived. Among the schools represented are the French, British, German, Dutch, Flemish, Spanish, and Venetian. Included in the list of artists are the names of Terborch, Ruysdael, Mauve, Knaus, Schreyer, Diaz, Dupré, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, Detaille, Gérôme, Dirk Hals, Sorolla, Troyon, and Zamacois.

The paintings are well selected for their purpose. Added interest and value could be given to this exhibit if illustrated lectures regarding it were held from time to time in the auditorium of the school. In this way the visitors would be placed in possession of information which would make it possible for them to appreciate the quality of the pictures, understand what they represent in the history of art, and establish a personal standard by which to test other pictures.

The opening of this gallery was well worth while. Its standards, judged by the present exhibit, would be difficult of attainment in a smaller community. It could be imitated, however, through the use of copies and photographic reproductions, which, while not useful in conveying an idea of color, would be very serviceable in training the eye in composition.

CITY PLANNING

We speak of our cities as being "typically American." What do we mean by this? That they are adequately expressive of our day and of our people? Superficially, this may be true, said Mr. F. L. Ackerman, the New York architect, at the recent National Conference on City Planning in Detroit. But, as he added, if one looks deeply into their structure, one finds that they fall short of being "adequately expressive." Our day and our people should express reasonable conditions.

Take the effect of the introduction of the steel frame a generation ago. It brought the "sky-scraper." It upset the old relations of rights and privileges in the ownership of property; the individual could turn his "rights" under the old conditions into wrongs to his neighbors. Specifically, the previous provisions for light within the block established by tradition and law became absolutely inadequate. Hence, what we want first of all are reasonable conditions for reasonable living. Architectural beauty comes after.

It is true, as Mr. Ackerman admitted, that Americans first turned to the element of beauty when they recognized the serious state of affairs existing in our cities. They turned for inspiration to the cities of Europe, and selected elements related to the æsthetic side of city planning. Their first appeal was expressed in the advocacy of the "city beautiful." In this they failed. They failed because this phase did not appear to have anything to do with more fundamental ideas

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concerning living traditions. But later, as Mr. Ackerman notes, when the problem was approached from the standpoint of social and economic values, special consideration being given to congestion, housing, sanitation, etc., there was a response. This came because the people recognized that there was an intimate relation between the effort and their "ideals of individual rights, liberty, and adequate physical environment."

THE SOCIAL AND THE PHYSICAL

Our city buildings, whether ugly or inadequate, are not due to viciousness of character or even to commercialism, as so many would have it, but to plain ignorance, affirmed Mr. Ackerman. The result is chaos. How shall we be delivered? He answers:

> We may struggle with the problems of the day, and through our effort we may slightly deflect the current of our chaotic progress. But we cannot hope that the succeeding generations which follow will find conditions much less chaotic, nor can we hope that they will find the task less difficult, unless we follow the current of influence to the source, and there establish an educational system which will develop such an interest in our physical environment that things will have an intimate relation to our lives.

Is such education Utopian? No. In the New Jersey public schools city planning is being taught. The child is induced to see that his physical surroundings are often inadequate. He is shown that few changes are required to make them right. Of course, the æsthetic phase of the subject appears as a resultant. But the main thing is to give a more accurate valuation to many elements which constitute our physical environment.

If this can be accomplished in schools, what should not be accomplished in universities? Why should not the subject of town planning be taught there by illustrated lectures? As Mr. Ackerman says, why not relate the student's abstract notions of life and the vague ideas he holds to things of actuality. Here again, "the beauty of the thing would assume a new meaning;" architecture would become related to life.

Even our schools of architecture have failed to relate the teaching to the forces of our day. The students there should realize that "our communities are primarily social rather than physical structures." With this understanding, architects would tend to provide an adequate and a proper envelope for a set of reasonable conditions rather than, as now, "to render pleasing a set of conditions the very nature of which prohibits absolutely such a possibility."

City planning is becoming a new educational domain. Every such contribution as Mr. Ackerman's helps in the better understanding of that new domain.

THE LAIRS OF CULTURE

The map of its circulation in New York recently published by the "Atlantic Monthly" may perhaps have been regarded by its sponsors as a kind of intellectual survey of the city. Whatever the true implication of the map may be, it shows graphically that the "Atlantic" begins to circulate around Washington Square—a kind of oasis in the crowded city—from which Fifth Avenue starts northward on its impressive course. One would expect to find the "Atlantic" around Washington Square and in the three or four blocks north of it. Then there is an interval and the "Atlantic" moves over to Gramercy Park, where the little red dots are almost continuous around the very attractive garden. The popularity of the "Atlantic" in these two localities seems to indicate that in order to enjoy that ancient and honorable magazine with its pleasant literary associations and its general air of cultivation one must have light and space and a certain degree of leisure.

From Thirty-fourth to Eighty-fifth Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues the "Atlantic" has also obtained a secure foothold, as well as on the south of Central Park, and again just above Columbus Circle on the West Side. Thence the red dots, standing on the map for subscribers, run somewhat capriciously but with increasing energy all the way up to Grant's Tomb. It is significant that the neighborhood of Columbia University, Barnard, and the Teachers College is almost packed with readers of the "Atlantic."

We do not know whether this map has yet fallen into the hands of the real estate agents, but its uses in locating "intellectuals" are quite obvious; while the long sections of blocks on the East Side and on the lower West Side in which subscribers to the "Atlantic" are few and far between suggest a missionary enterprise which Boston might well feel called upon to undertake in the interests of culture, enlightenment, and the dissemination of sound views of literature and life.

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THE COLLEGE AND THE STUDENT

When Dr. Eliot resigned the presidency of Harvard University after a long and very distinguished service, Signor Ferrero, the Italian historian, who was then in this country, called attention to the fact that this academic event was not only reported in all the leading newspapers of the United States, but that it everywhere received editorial comment, and emphasized the meaning of this Nation-wide attention as showing the popular interest in education in this country.

Many of the early colonists brought the belief in education with them. They were firmly convinced that it was a necessary adjunct of freedom both in religion and the State, but they did not have the modern enthusiasm of the American who believes that education is the key to all problems. The enormous growth of the college system, not only by private but by public generosity, registers the persistence of the American faith in education. The growth of the State universities of the West and Far West have been phenomenal, and the intimacy of relationship between many of these institutions and the public life of the States has been the result of this deep and practical popular interest.

That the colleges should be under fire, and that education in every form should be the subject of widespread criticism, is, at the moment, not only inevitable, but distinctly encouraging. It proves that the American people regard education as a vital part of public life, and it also shows that the old idea that natural "gumption" was the only thing necessary for dealing with any situation or handling any material is rapidly giving place to the modern idea that men and women must be educated—that is, prepared—for every kind of work. A generation ago there were three learned professions; now there are probably a hundred, if not more; and there is no vocation so lowly or so elemental that training for it is not regarded as essential. Under these circumstances the college, which shares the benefit of this immense popular interest and this deepened popular faith, must expect to bear also the brunt of this popular criticism.

Much of this criticism is ill-advised and shortsighted; a good deal of it is justified, and ought to be seriously considered. One hopeful sign in the situation is that it is being seriously considered, and that the criticism of the teaching of various branches of knowledge—of the subordination of human interest in the teaching of the classics, for instance, to the purely technical interest, either philological or grammatical—has resulted in a distinct freshening of the methods of instruction in these fields. There are still too many teachers of Greek and Latin who never get beyond the text into the affluent and significant life behind it, but waste the golden opportunities of bringing to bear on the student mind the inspiration of Greek genius and the force of Greek thought. There are many teachers to whom English literature is still material for instruction in technical composition; who treat great books throbbing with vitality as merely illustrative of grammar and rhetoric; who set masterpieces to do the drudgery of the class-room, forgetful of Milton's definition of a great book as containing "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." But there is a strong reaction against this dry-as-dust method; and the prediction of a writer in The Outlook that the time would come when students would go to the blackboard and work out sums in English literature has fortunately failed of fulfillment. The colleges need, and are profiting by, a great deal of current criticism. It is inevitable that at a time when all the institutions of society are under fire the educational methods and systems behind those institutions should share in the danger. They also share in the opportunity of freshened, deepened, and enriched vitality.

"The Confessions of an Undergraduate," which appear elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, must be read as confessions and not as mature criticism. They must be read, too, as the reaction of one particular college upon one particular student. Yet in so revealing the attitude of one student mind they also bring out some of the natural failures of our colleges to solve the problems of the reluctant scholar. The college is a co-operative institution. The faculty, however devoted and educated to their work, cannot do that work without the aid of the students. Nor can that work be made wholly agreeable, since one of its chief ends is by discipline to train the mind to concentration, steadiness, and persistence. Underlying these confessions there is the feeling on the part of the student that things ought to be made pleasant for him; and that, if he is not interested, he is

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absolved from attention. It is true that every subject ought to be made interesting, because a vital teacher can make every subject interesting. But men do not go to college primarily to be interested; they go to be educated; and education involves self-denial, self-control, and self-direction. Our tasks in life are set before us to be accomplished, and we are not asked whether they are agreeable to us or not. The plain fact is that there is an enormous waste of time in the American college, and that the limitations of the teaching interest are only subordinately responsible for it. A distinguished educator has commented on the extraordinary ability of the American undergraduate to resist the introduction of knowledge. In some institutions a tradition, once tellingly castigated by President Lowell, of Harvard, has developed that it is not quite "the thing" to be a student; and that most absurd of all phrases, "the gentleman's mark," has become current as a recognition of the fact that for certain men the only obligation is to do enough work to get through. One would like to hear a definition of the word "gentleman" as it is used in this connection. The correct phrase would be "the loafer's mark."

An American writer has recently said that there is a great deal of wit in this country, but not nearly as much humor as in England; that the American mind is quick, but lacks seriousness. There is a great lack of seriousness among large bodies of college students. They fail utterly to understand their own obligation, and to recognize the fact that the phrase, "gentleman's mark," is, unconsciously, ironical. One of the first qualities of a gentleman is the sense of obligation; the man who wastes his time in college does not possess this quality. No man, no matter how generously he pays his way in college, ever pays for his education. No college could live on the tuition fees of its students; it lives only because it has a capital more or less extensive presented to it by generous donors or given to it by the State. And every man in college is in that sense a charity student; he does not, and cannot, pay his way. Other people or the State have made it possible for him to use the immense advantages of the college, for which he does not, and cannot, pay in any adequate sense. He loafs on the foundations which self-denying and able men and women have laid; he takes his ease at the expense of other people; he is as much a parasite as those idle people, relieved from work by the toil of their ancestors, who do nothing to justify their privileges.

This is, of course, only one side of a complicated situation; but it is a side to which sufficient attention has not been given. The college, like the school, suffers from the absence of any real moral education in hosts of American homes. The freshman arrives without having had any training in self-denial, self-control, and self-direction; he has no habits of work; and he regards any endeavor to teach him to work and to hold him to tasks as essentially undemocratic in a free country. He defeats the purposes of generations of generous donors and makes the work of patient and sometimes of enthusiastic teachers painful and unrewarded drudgery. The body of students who make the best use of their opportunities this kind of student regards with mingled pity and contempt; they are the mere drudges, the "grinds." For him, with four years of practically unlimited leisure on his hands, life is a matter of sunshine and recreation. "The Confessions of an Undergraduate" will be read with interest, not only because all criticism is profitable and some of his criticism is deserved, but because of the revelation they make of an attitude of mind which involves permanent loss to a great body of young men and the most penetrating criticism of the homes from which they come.

THE ISOLATION OF GERMANY

Arrested by the striking phenomenon that practically the entire civilized world, with the single and not very creditable exception of the Turkish Empire, is arrayed either in action or in sympathy against Germany, well-informed, fair-minded, and thoughtful Germans and Austrians are beginning to ask themselves what this phenomenon really means.

The sponsors of the German cause may be roughly divided into two classes. One group claims that Germany is fighting for her life in pious defense of the Fatherland against a group of envious, malicious, and hateful conspirators. The other group, to which most of the older intellectuals and university professors belong, asserts that Germany has a divine mission in the world—that, to quote the words of Professor Ostwald, "she has reached a stage of civilization fifty years in advance of all the rest of the peoples in the

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civilized world," and that it is her duty to impose her industrial, intellectual, and social efficiency upon the rest of Europe, perhaps even upon the rest of the world. Clearly these two explanations of Germany's cause are inconsistent and self-contradictory, and this element of inconsistency and contradiction appears in the arguments of the fine spirits who are now endeavoring to explain the isolation of Germany.

Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, is one of these fine spirits. He is a man of the best intellectual training, of genuine culture, and of a judicial mind. Moreover, he is a thoroughly patriotic American citizen. There has just been published from his pen a little book entitled "A German-American's Confession of Faith" (Huebsch). He declares in this book that his sympathies "are wholly and fervently on the German side;" that there is great danger of America's "becoming a tool in the hands of English world domination;" that "as a man of German blood I might welcome the help which would accrue to Germany by such a conflict [a war with England] between the United States and England, but as an American citizen I cannot possibly support a policy which would bring the terrors of war to our own country."

From the very beginning we have believed that Germany is not fighting a war of defense, but of offense; that her course in the war has been prompted by a spirit of aggrandizement—political and territorial aggrandizement on the part of the military autocracy, and social and industrial aggrandizement on the part of the intellectual autocracy. A careful reading of Professor Kuno Francke's book confirms us in this view.

He certainly cannot be said to be unsympathethic with Germany, which he asserts "has outstripped most other countries in good government and social efficiency during the last forty years." He also claims that "German ascendency has manifested itself with striking rapidity and massiveness in the things that make for beauty and joy and the adornment of life." To support this last assertion he relates the following very interesting incident:

> In what other country could have happened what Professor Max Friedlaender, of Berlin University, told me happened to him some years ago? He was invited by a club of workingmen in the Krupp iron works at Essen to deliver to them a lecture on some musical subject. He accepted the invitation, and held an audience of more than a thousand workmen and their families—most of them undoubtedly of Socialistic persuasion—for over an hour listening attentively to his presentation of Johann Sebastian Bach. These men are now in the regiments that have been hurled against the forts of Liège and Namur.

We wish we could believe that the spirit of Johann Sebastian Bach were dominant in Germany to-day. If it were, it is very doubtful whether the world would be plunged into the present cataclysm. In music it is not Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms who have influenced modern Germany, but Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss; and here is what Professor Francke says of Wagner, Nietzsche, and the Kaiser, "perhaps the three men whose influence," he admits, "has shaped the feelings and the ideals of the present generation of Germans most conspicuously:"

> Richard Wagner's world is a world of reckless self-assertion, boundless appetite, mystic longing, incessant willing and striving. His heroes storm through life regardless of good or evil, impelled by the one desire of living themselves out to the full and of bringing out what is in them. Nietzsche's philosophy is an ecstatic appeal to the selfish instinct, a dithyrambic glorification of the primitive craving for power, an impassioned and contemptuous arraignment of everything that makes for humility and kindliness. Emperor William is the most intense and the most ardent champion of personal rule that has arisen since Napoleon, a man fairly consumed with the ambition of bringing Germany to the front in every sphere of activity, a mind teeming with an endless variety of suggestions, ideas, plans, volitions. It would seem, then, that here there are three types of character whose effect upon the national imagination, just because of its unquestionable strength and momentum, it is hard for the ordinary observer not to view with alarm. It is natural that they should appear as representatives of an unsafe, unsound, abnormal view of life.

It is true that Professor Francke, after stating the foregoing postulate, endeavors to argue that the effect of this spirit on German imagination has not been baneful. Here we differ with him. We accept his facts, but we do not accept his deductions from those facts.

We quote again from Professor Francke:

> Only in one point have the Socialists unflinchingly and unrelentingly arrayed themselves against the present governmental system, and in doing so they are laying bare the one grave

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defect of Imperial Germany, the arrogance and overbearing of the military and bureaucratic class. Closely allied as this defect is with the sterling rectitude and splendid efficiency of German military and civil officials, it is an anomaly in modern Germany. One effect of the stupendous sacrifices to which the entire Nation is now being summoned will be to sweep away the artificial barriers which until now have prevented Germany from reaping the full fruit of her otherwise unequaled method of government.

In other words, the arrogance and overbearing of the military and bureaucratic class have produced the sterling rectitude and splendid efficiency of German military and civil officials, and the effect of the war on Germany will be that the rectitude will remain and the arrogance and overbearing will boil away. We confess we are surprised that the inconsistency and contradiction of such reasoning is not apparent to Professor Francke himself. We have no confidence in a social or political philosophy which asserts that virtue grows by a natural process out of vice.

The world is opposed to Germany to-day because of the arrogance and overbearing of her military and bureaucratic class, and because it does not believe with Professor Francke that arrogance can produce "sterling rectitude." Military arrogance produces slavery, and what the world is afraid of to-day is enslavement by the modern German philosophy of government.

THE ESCAPE FROM FEAR

The story of man in this world is the story of getting away from fear. Fear was the universal shadow that rested over the forefathers of the race. They were afraid of everything, and they had reason to be, because everything seemed hostile to them. Even now, after thousands of years of observation, experience, discovery, and obedience, there are moments when nature seems to be the enemy of man in spite of the fact that science has taught us that nature is our beneficent and wonderful friend of whose services the achievements of the magicians were faint symbols. The earliest men were surrounded by perils which must have sunk deep into their consciousness and made life one prolonged and painful watchfulness. The sun smote them with fire; the winter froze them with ice; the great storms, which they could not predict and against which they could not provide, destroyed them; wild beasts, poisonous serpents, and venomous insects devoured or poisoned them; tempests swept their fragile homes out of existence; the lightning blasted them; disease came out of the ground; and death awaited them at every turn.

And when, in the crude beginnings of thought, they felt the presence of a personal power behind all these forces, that power was malignant and threatening. The fear of God with early men was a cowering and crushing fear. God was pursuing them; their safety lay in escaping his attention. He was angry with them; they placated him. He was jealous of them; they concealed their good fortune. He was envious of them; they hardly dared to be happy. A man's life was a long struggle to protect himself from a God who beset him behind and before, not to protect, but to blight and destroy.

And to the first men their fellow-men were as dangerous as nature and God. The stranger was necessarily an enemy; to meet him safely one must always be ready with a weapon or with a blow. All differences of race, of country, of language, were the symbols of an alienation full of hatred and antagonism. Before the first Christmas fear was a universal emotion, and such happiness and peace as man got out of life he snatched with a fearful joy of escaping the relentless bitterness of nature, the jealousies of the gods, and the antagonism and hatred of his fellows. When the shepherds saw the angels above their flocks, their first feeling was not one of exaltation and joy, but of fear; and the first words the angels said were spoken to calm those fears. Before the great and beautiful hymn which heaven has sung on earth, "Peace and good will towards men," could be heard the angels had to say, "Fear not!"

The fear of God in the old blasting sense of the word ended when Christ came to cast out fear and to write in its place another word, "Love." He came to teach men that even the things that seemed unfriendly were expressions of the divine friendship, and the disasters, sorrows, and hardships of life had behind them the intelligence of an infinite love. Ever since that message came men have been slowly casting out fear. Life long ago ceased to mean for them an attempt to elude the anger of God and has become an opportunity; not a thing to run away from, but to run into, so to speak; for, as Phillips Brooks once said, "The way to escape from God is to escape into him;" that is to say,

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to accept the order of life as it is revealed in our experience as a discipline of love and not of anger. Fear makes men cowards, and the coward is as brutal in his panic as the savage. Fear turns civilized men into savages, and humanity is never so base as when it is seeking in a great crisis to protect itself instead of seeking to protect others. For the spirit of Christ is the spirit of a love which casteth out fear, not only because it teaches that the order of life is divinely fashioned, but because, by substituting the love of others for the love of self, it makes us indifferent to personal danger.

There is no place in the world for fear if one's heart is set to deal justly, to walk humbly, to help gratefully, and to forget one's self. The greater the danger, the greater the need for that valiant spirit which enables a man to walk quietly down to his own death because he is concerned not for himself but for others.

The root of love is faith in the goodness of God, and faith is to be used, not when the skies are cloudless, but when they are black; not when there is light on all the paths, but when darkness covers the whole face of the earth and the paths are hidden in a vast confusion.

THE BOY POLICE OF NEW YORK

THE Court of Special Sessions of New York City was getting through the calendar quickly. The three justices who preside jointly in this peculiar court were manipulating ably and with despatch the machinery that doles out justice in minor criminal cases—purse snatching, roulette playing, window breaking, etc.

In a sing-song voice the court clerk called the case of an East Side Jew charged with conducting a lottery. "Officer Goldstein," droned the clerk, summoning the person who was to press the complaint. There was a stir in the benches packed with spectators, and a small boy in short trousers stepped forward, walking to the witness chair with the ponderous dignity of self-conscious youth. Gravely he seated himself, his feet swinging clear of the floor, and gravely he pulled a shining badge from his pocket and pinned it on his coat.

"Who are you?" asked one of the solemn justices, while the court-room tittered.

"Sergeant Louis Goldstein, attached to the East Fifth Street Station," was the cool, falsetto answer, and the titter grew to a roar.

"Do you mean to say you're a regular policeman? How old are you, anyway?"

"I'm thirteen," answered the boy, "and I'm a member of Captain John Sweeney's Junior Police Force. I was in this defendant's store on January 14, and he had a big board on which were slips with numbers pasted all over them. Children bought chances on prizes which this defendant put up. The prizes were chocolates. I got the evidence, and then asked Patrolman O'Neil, of the Madison Avenue Station, to help arrest him. Here is the board and some chocolate which we seized."

The foregoing account is a paraphrase of the newspaper reports which first called public attention to the existence of the Junior Police of New York, an institution of boys from eleven to fifteen years of age organized by Captain John Sweeney, of the Fifteenth Precinct, New York Police Department. Before proceeding with a direct scrutiny of this exceedingly useful and interesting body, let us follow Sergeant Louis Goldstein to the end of his case against the East Side gambler, for his conduct on that occasion reflects the character and spirit of New York's boy police.

Realizing the strength of the evidence against him, the lottery man pleaded guilty, and was fined $25, which he paid. "Then," reports the New York "Times," "under the law, the chocolate was impounded by the District Attorney, to be sold at public auction, the proceeds to go to the City Chamberlain.

"The auction was held in the Dstriict Attorney's private office, with Assistant District Attorney Perkins himself acting as auctioneer. After several bids were received the District Attorney turned to Sergeant Goldstein and offered to give him money to bid on the candy.

"'Oh, no, sir,' the boy replied. 'I am a police officer, and I can't take money for doing my duty.'

"Oscar Zinn, a process server, who obtained the chocolate at a price of fifty-one cents, tried to get Goldstein to accept some as a gift, but in vain. Later, however, when the boy saw it being passed around among members of the District Attorney's staff, he

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said: 'If you don't mind, sir, I think I will take one cake of that chocolate. I don't want it for myself, but my sister is awfully fond of candy.'"

And the "Times" concludes with the following bit of light upon the valiant policeman's past:

"This was not the first arrest the Goldstein boy has made, District Attorney Perkins learned. Three weeks ago he caught two men breaking open a show-case on the East Side, and had them sentenced to six months each. It was for that arrest that he was promoted to sergeant."

The Fifteenth Precinct, commanded by Captain John F. Sweeney, is in one of the most congested parts of New York. In its small area are crammed two hundred thousand inhabitants, a population equal to that of Denver, Colorado; Rochester, New York; and Columbus, Ohio. The population is largely foreign, its main ingredients being Jewish and Italian, with a sprinkling of Irish.

Usually in such humanity-clogged neighborhoods the principal recreations of the boys are breaking street lamps, playing crap on the sidewalks, and building bonfires which fill the gutters with streams of melted asphalt. It was once like that in the Fifteenth Precinct, but it is so no more since the Junior Police have been organized.

"What the boys do is not so important as what they don't do," says Captain Sweeney. "For a long time while I was a lieutenant I had this plan in mind as a means of keeping the boys out of trouble, and I made up my mind that if ever I became a captain I would put it into effect. Street fires, which cost the city thousands of dollars annually, have decreased ninety per cent since the Junior Police were put on the job. The breaking of street lamps has fallen off to the same extent. Since the boys have undertaken to prevent the damage and nuisances committed by their own kind the regular force has had more time for the more important business of the precinct.

"At the same time the example of the boys has a good effect on their elders. Tenement dwellers have learned to keep their fire-escapes clear of encumbrances, and push-cart peddlers know that they must not litter the streets with papers and fruit skins from their carts or the boy cops will get them.

"The boys have a particular fondness for detective work. They are not encouraged in this sort of work, however, for their participation in it sometimes hampers the regular police. But for the special work to which we try to confine them they are invaluable."

Captain Sweeney has divided his precinct into twelve zones. To each zone are assigned twenty boy policemen who live therein, including a captain, two lieutenants, and two sergeants appointed from the juvenile rank for special merit. Twice a week the boys go through the regulation police drill, each captain leading his squad about the drill courtyard, shouting gruff commands: "Forward, march," "Column left," "Column right," "Halt," in imitation of the officers of the adult blue-coated force, who watch these evolutions with the serious earnestness of German generals reviewing troop maneuvers.

Before becoming a junior policeman a boy must subscribe to the following regulations:

PLEDGE

1. I promise on my honor
2. To do my duty to God and my Country, and to obey the Law.
3. To obey the Motto and the Rules and Regulations of the Junior Police Force of the City of New York.
4. To keep and never to misuse my Junior Police Badge, and to surrender it upon demand to the Chief of the Force.

MOTTO

Be honest. Be helpful.
Be trustworthy. Be polite.
Be loyal. Be obedient.
Be brave.

DUTIES

1. Prevent swearing and vulgar language in the public street and public places.
2. Prevent the building of bonfires in the streets.
3. Prevent boys from breaking windows and street lamps, and from defacing buildings and sidewalks with chalk.
4. Prevent boys from smoking cigarettes and playing crap.
5. Prevent boys from engaging in dangerous or unlawful playing.
6. Prevent persons placing encumbrances or obstructions on fire-escapes.
7. Prevent the mixing of ashes, garbage, and paper.
8. See that garbage cans are kept covered, and that ash and garbage cans are promptly removed from the sidewalk when emptied,
9. Request persons to keep the sidewalk and areaway in front of their buildings clean, and not to throw refuse into the street.
10. Make special effort to perform duties 6, 7,

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8, and 9 at your own homes. See that your parents and relatives do not violate the laws and ordinances.

11. For the above purposes do not enter any building under any condition.

Captain Sweeney's idea has been taken up in several precincts in the Bronx (an uptown borough of New York) by Mr. Charles D. Pullen, a citizen, in co-operation with the precinct captains. Everywhere that it has been tried it has pleased both householders and the boys themselves. New York has long needed five or six thousand more men on its police force, but the cost of providing them has always seemed prohibitory to the governing authorities. The creation of a body of an equal number of boy police would do almost as well and would be much cheaper. This body should be supported by the citizens generally, not by a few generous individuals, as is now the case in New York; and social workers, boards of trade, and all civic bodies should co-operate with the police authorities in controlling and directing the juvenile catchpolls.

Such a body of youthful constabulary would be useful in all American cities. The problem of the boy in the streets is not confined to New York alone. This problem is largely solved when the boyish love of adventure and mystery, which usually expresses itself in emulation of the exploits of criminal heroes of dime novels and the yellow press, is directed to the imitation of the deeds of the real heroes of American cities—the brave, honest, and unassuming members of the police force, in uniform and out.

GREGORY MASON.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE ORDUNA

A POLL OF THE PRESS

MAKING SURE OF THE FACTS

ACCORDING to the story told by the captain and by several of the crew and passengers of the Cunard steamship Orduna, on July 9 that ship was attacked by a German submarine and barely escaped damage or destruction by torpedo and shell fire. The Orduna had twenty-two Americans among her two hundred and twenty-seven passengers.

It is, of course, of the utmost importance, as the Washington "Times" reminds us, to know all the facts before concluding opinions about this reported event. "If the submarine did, in fact, try to torpedo the vessel without any warning, then Berlin must disavow the act or sacrifice all presumptions in its favor by reason of several weeks of comparatively good conduct in the underseas warfare." The "Times" adds:

The case is peculiarly bad unless there shall be disavowal, for the Orduna was sailing westward, carrying no munitions. Imminent military necessity cannot well be argued in justification.

On the other side is the fact that reports thus far come chiefly from British officers of the vessel. If she ran away after being held up and warned, she surrendered her immunity from attack. It is needful to know the full details to determine where lies the initial blame.

The Boston "Journal" also warns its readers that the testimony is thus far not complete, and, without it, there can be no drawing of conclusions by our Government. The case must be decided on the fact as to whether the Orduna ran before or after the launching of the torpedo and the firing of the shells, affirms the New York "Press." The question, therefore, is "not whether the submarine attacked the Orduna, but whether the Orduna was rightfully attacked," and on this the "Press" remarks:

Before we can take final judgment on that question, we must carry our examination beyond the reports of the Orduna. It is admitted that there were very few persons awake on the ship when the excitement first began. They were mainly, if not entirely, members of the Orduna's crew, with the officers determined to cut and run for it, warned or not warned. Others who came hurrying on deck got their information as to the primary attack—the ship was then being shelled in the secondary attack—from the Orduna's officers, obviously not impartial witnesses, naturally willing to make the whole affair appear a wanton and wicked violation of the rules of warfare and the laws of civilization.

Let us not spare our condemnation of the act of the submarine which pursued the Orduna and our horror of the lawless policy in which the German Admiralty persists, if the facts bear out the reports given us by those on the Orduna. But let us make sure of the facts. We must make absolutely sure of them, for they can too desperately affect the destiny of our Nation, no

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less than of the German nation, to permit us to weigh them lightly or to judge from them mistakenly.

In much the same spirit another New York paper, the "Sun," asserts:

In the matter of the Orduna, the question of vital moment is whether she was hailed by her assailant and ordered to stop for visitation and search before the attack was made. If the challenge was given, and the merchantman, seeking to escape, disregarded it, the commander of the war-vessel may cite those facts in explaining and defending his subsequent conduct.

The testimony of the Orduna's captain is that his ship was not challenged, that the first evidence given of the presence of an enemy warship was the appearance of a torpedo, and that thereafter nine shells were fired at his vessel. If this course was followed by the undersea boat, the attack was in violation of the laws of marine war.

SIGNIFICANT FEATURES

The most significant feature with regard to the Orduna, according to the St. Louis "Republic," is that she was attacked on her westward journey. The St. Louis paper also says:

It was impossible that she should have carried munitions or any other contraband of war, since she was traveling away from the zone of conflict. The case, therefore, presents in the most typical form just those aspects of the submarine blockade against which the United States has most vigorously and most specifically protested.

"Which of the several defenses that Germany has erected will be used to explain the attack upon the Orduna?" inquires the Syracuse "Post-Standard," and proceeds:

The liner was not armed. She did not carry munitions. She did not carry troops. She was not bound for an English port. Her errand was peaceful.

The German submarine apparently made an effort to destroy her, as the Lusitania was destroyed, with no care that her passengers might escape. The only note of regret in the Lusitania note was the expression of surprise that the ship sank so soon that few were saved. It was the expectation that she would disappear so slowly that all could be taken off. How were the Orduna's passengers to escape had the torpedo struck?

When the torpedo missed, the submarine gave chase, using her guns. She was quite justified in this conduct, as she was unjustified in seeking wanton destruction of the ship. The Orduna was a lawful prize of war. Had she surrendered, the submarine commander was legally bound to take off her passengers before he took her in charge as a prize. The submarine has not the facilities of a cruiser for this branch of warfare, and yet she could conceivably have done it.

It is the attempt to torpedo the ship, not the report that the submarine hid behind an American vessel or that she gave chase in an endeavor to compel surrender, that causes alarm. The Germans have shown a disposition to modify their submarine warfare since the Lusitania horror. The Orduna incident indicates a purpose to revert to the old anarchy.

In the opinion of the New York "Times," the attack upon the Orduna "was actually a worse outrage than the sinking of the Lusitania."

GERMANY'S DEFIANCE

The New York "World" views the incident as confirming Germany's fatuousness in her general policy concerning the present war:

But for folly almost inconceivable somewhere in the German service conditions would to-day be favorable for drawing American attention to wrongs inflicted by the Entente Powers, chiefly Great Britain, upon American commerce.

Meat-shippers clamor because cargoes are held for months without redress. Cotton-planters are justly wroth at Lord Crewe's announcement that the British Cabinet hopes to limit the cotton imports of neutrals to their domestic needs, though cotton is not contraband, and no proper blockade checks its free export. As to prize court innovations, Secretary Lansing has warned England that we will not respect restraints "in derogation of the rights of American citizens under international law."

Yet the very newspapers that print this frank and friendly, but final, word tell also of the torpedo attack on the Orduna, and once more neutral trade is forgotten in the peril of neutral lives, once more one nation's tort and trespass drop out of sight in the bigger grievance, as we see another nation, apparently with deliberate purpose, resuming against our citizens at sea upon lawful errands the policy of murder.

The New York "Globe" acutely points out that to the submarine commander's bad marksmanship we are indebted for a degree of calmness in considering the event that would not otherwise have been possible, and continues:

But his lack of efficiency does not obscure the matter at issue. It helps rather, since it leaves us cool, to reveal with startling distinctness how little Germany has understood our position. The sinking of the Lusitania without warning Germany's friends have justified be-

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cause she was carrying ammunition to England. Not a few good Americans have expressed the opinion that their fellow-citizens should not have pressed their right to use a belligerent's passenger ship that transports war material. In the case of the Orduna, which, if she bore anything of value to the Allies, was taking it away from and not to them, these explanations and extenuations cannot be advanced.

Several cases have been recently reported, according to the New York "Tribune," in which German submarine commanders, before sinking merchantmen, observed the rule of visitation and search and gave non-combatants on board ample opportunity to take to the boats. This encouraged the American public to believe that Germany was preparing to abandon "her lawless methods of warfare at sea. But it is clear that no orders have yet been sent from Berlin imposing compliance with the rules of international law on German submarine commanders." The same view is taken by the Cleveland "Leader," which adds that "German deeds are as harsh as German notes are unyielding." This is apparently confirmed by the "New Yorker Herold," a paper published in the German language, which frankly admits:

All the comments made about the German submarine attack on the Cunard steamship Orduna hit the right mark only in one point: The German war administration does not intend to give up the advantages which the submarine warfare procures for Germany.

In the light of all that has transpired, thinks the St. Paul "Pioneer Press," "there will be no lack of Americans who will view the attack [on the Orduna] as an answer to the American demand more forceful and direct than reams of written correspondence." The St. Paul paper continues:

It will be a rude shock to those Americans whose friendship for Germany and sympathy with her cause led them to persist in the faith that she would vindicate her humanity, justify confidence, and live up to the traditions she professes, and to hope that her attitude toward the demand America made in the name of civilization and humanity would be their final justification. An added gravity is given the situation beyond all denial.

Again, as the Washington "Herald" warns, "to-morrow an attack by torpedo and guns under similar circumstances may shock civilization with a new horror and bring the United States and Germany to the brink of war. . . . Lives of Americans on the high seas are in hourly peril. Germany has informed us that their safety may be secured only by sailing under conditions laid down by Germany."

AMERICA'S DUTY

In the Philadelphia "Public Ledger's" opinion, "the issue between Germany and the United States remains precisely what it has been since the beginning. And that issue is one that concerns the honor, the welfare, and safety of these dominions." Thus the Orduna incident, says another Philadelphia paper, the "Telegraph," certainly reinforces the demands heretofore made, to which Germany has not satisfactorily responded, "that Americans' rights on the seas shall be respected and that American lives shall not be put in peril by methods of warfare not recognized by law or civilization." The Philadelphia paper adds:

This latest incident cannot fail to strengthen the President's purpose. The controversy cannot go on indefinitely through a correspondence friendly in tone but lacking in results. The patience of a peaceful and patient people has been sorely tried already.

The New York "Herald" and very many other papers warn Germany that "public sentiment is crystallized; and the well-nigh universal conclusion of the whole matter is thus expressed by the Baltimore "News:"

The complete change in tone of the American press on the subject of our negotiations with Germany since the news arrived of the attack on the Orduna reflects accurately, no doubt, the feeling of those charged with responsibility for the negotiations. How keen is the disappointment is shown by newspapers that have been most optimistic over the outcome. . . .

The thing uppermost in the minds of the American people to-day is, How is it possible to keep on friendly terms with a nation that treats a solemn warning, such as Germany has received from the United States, with such flagrant disregard? If it turns out that the attack on the Orduna was correctly reported, Germany has left us scant room for hope that the act will be disavowed. If it is not, the President will be faced with the unpleasant necessity of eating his own words or of carrying out the alternative to which he pledged the Nation.

And the thing that perplexes and amazes the people of this country is that for the little gained by sinking merchantmen without warning Germany appears to stand ready to force the United States into the war.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE

Was the trouble with this undergraduate in himself, or in the college system, or in the social environment? Is his view of college life exaggerated, or pessimistic, or simply incomplete? Does his "confession" suggest practical means of improvement and phases that ought to have more consideration? It is because we think that this article will provoke dissent and discussion that we lay it before our readers, and ask them, in turn, to tell us freely what they think of the positions taken.—THE EDITORS.

"WELL," said a friend of my father's just before I came to college, three and a half years ago, "all he'll get will be an incapacity for work." In spite of the fact that he was an alumnus of the very institution for which I was bound, I did not believe him then. For I was busily engaged in deciphering the catalogue, and I was awed by the erudition indicated in such notices as this: "The reading will include the greater part of Chaucer's poetry, together with selections from Langland, Gower, Wyclif, and the author of 'Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight.' A thesis of considerable length, embodying the results of independent investigation, will be required of every student." Then I did not know that that sort of thing was intended only to impress other universities, that all it actually demanded was reading a few "Canterbury Tales" and writing a perfunctory summary of two or three magazine articles. But now, in the last half of my senior year, I know that my father's friend was right.

For one thing, at the time when he made the remark I was just out of high school, and was used to doing my work whether or not I wished to. Perhaps the public schools which I had attended were more thorough than the ordinary run of preparatory schools. But it is probable that the majority of boys come to college with fair habits of industry. When I entered, I was so accustomed to doing what I was bid and to doing it thoroughly and without question that I kept on almost throughout my freshman year. But many things conspired against me.

For one thing, I soon discovered a number of reasons which appeared cogent to me for doing no more than the minimum. In the first place, the required course of study seemed planned expressly not to "come home to men's business and bosoms." Not because it was impractical, for I always disliked practical studies, but because it was so surprisingly dull. I can see already that I was then mistaken; that my instructors, not my studies, were at fault. In high school my teachers had really been teachers, and nothing more; but in college, on the contrary, the faculty is composed of investigators with whom teaching is a minor and purely perfunctory activity. I suppose that a man who has been through the German-American mill of the Ph.D. can hardly help coming forth more or less of a desiccated machine; but why such men should be employed ostensibly to train the youthful mind is an enigma. At any rate, by their own lack of interest they quite effectually check all possible enthusiasm in their students. It is amusing sometimes, when the imagination of a class is touched by some phase of their subject, to behold the instructor's bewilderment. He is prepared for anything but that. Naturally, he is very, very seldom thus embarrassed. My own most acute experience of this kind came in the second term of my freshman year. I remembered my pleasure in reading the Iliad, and expected equally to enjoy the Odyssey. But I saw at once that its "surge and thunder," as far as my professor was concerned, was as cut-and-dried a matter as a geometric demonstration; his teaching was altogether by rote, and my own work, for lack of encouragement, followed suit. I soon learned—what I had suspected already—that this was the rule, and not the exception.

Under such circumstances, it is not strange that I soon succumbed to the many varied and pleasant distractions of college life. These, I may say in passing, in the case of nine men out of ten are quite innocent, if futile and rather enervating. The American university affords ample proof of Dr. Johnson's assertion that, "if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another." Some of

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these "side-shows" which, as President Wilson once observed, "have swallowed up the circus" are praiseworthy in themselves. For instance, the active interest taken by the undergraduates in outdoor sports—and I mean as participants, not as spectators—is of course an admirable thing. Every afternoon almost everybody plays tennis or golf or baseball, or swims, or runs cross country, according to his taste and the season of the year. Then, too, the best work in college is done by the undergraduates who manage the various periodicals and dramatic clubs. I know that in my own case the little real labor I have performed has been in connection with a college magazine. But, after all, these activities cannot supply the training which the curriculum so conspicuously fails to give; and besides, they do not reach the majority at all.

I do not believe that anybody who is not one of the undergraduates can realize how they spend their twenty-four hours a day. Even for them it is difficult. The morning, of course, is given to class work and lectures. In the afternoon one can go canoeing, or take a long walk into the country, or play tennis. The evening is usually devoted to the "movies," to playing bridge, to endless talking, perhaps to reading magazines and novels or even something more profitable, and to some studying. Talking takes more time than anything else; it is assuredly not the fault of the university if conversation has become a lost art. Perhaps the students of institutions in large cities have more excitement, but even in a secluded rural community such as ours college life is a delightful, idle existence, varied enough to keep it sweet. The hours wasted every day in a modern American university would furnish interesting material to those persons with a passion for disconcerting statistics. So the uninspiring quality of the instruction and the diversions of college life almost inevitably lead a man to reduce his studying to the very minimum.

And, as you have probably inferred, this minimum is ridiculously small. Therein lies the evil. If the undergraduate had to work, willy-nilly, in order not to be dropped, he would still receive some training. But as it is, an incredibly little amount of time is required, not only to pass one's courses, but to be graduated with honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. It is all so much a matter of routine that as soon as one catches the tricks of the trade he need do almost nothing. Literal translations reduce the preparation on foreign languages to ten or fifteen minutes a lesson, and other subjects present no more difficulty to one who has mastered the comparatively simple science of "bluffing." This sort of mechanical work is what the instructors expect, and therefore what they get. Then, too, the lack of relation between one's real understanding of a subject and the mark one gets is discouraging. Almost invariably I have received the lowest marks in the subjects which I had come closest to mastering, for the reason that I had taken pains to learn something instead of devoting myself to cramming the obvious facts which I knew would be asked on the examination. For one soon learns to forecast the questions which will be set, and can prepare himself to answer these fully without getting any grip on the subject-matter at all. In a lecture course, if one attends the lectures and reads a syllabus on the evening before the examination, one needs no further preparation to make sure of passing. The average daily work done by the undergraduate may be as much as an hour; my own average I should put well under a half-hour, and I know men who get on comfortably with ten minutes a day. But, you may ask, are there none with a zeal for knowledge so intense that not even a college course can quench it? There are a few, of course, who keep the flame burning, but everything unites to extinguish it—the quality of the instruction, the lack of any demand for scholarship, and, above all, the alluring ease of the environment. Undeniably it is pleasanter to lie on one's back under the trees and smoke a pipe and discuss the baseball team than to pour over "Piers Plowman" and Montesquieu; and, all things being equal, the natural man will choose the former.

Now all this lotos-eating life has only one bad effect on most men: beyond doubt, it does give them an "incapacity for work." Inevitably it makes the will power flabby, until after four years of doing only what one pleases it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to do anything else. I look back with amazement at my high school days, when I could sit down deliberately and memorize the kings of Rome or the prepositions which take the dative in German, when without a murmur I performed drudgery compared with which my present work is sheer play. And yet, after three and a half years of "uni-

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versity training," I find myself in Coleridge's condition: "No sooner does a thing present itself to me as a duty, than I feel myself incapable of performing it." This means, of course, a loss of self-control, a weakening of the moral fibers, brought about for want of that discipline which it is the university's chief duty to give and which is so strikingly absent from it. Oxford and Cambridge are not the only "seats of learning" accounted for by the old quatrain:

"No wonder that science and learning profound
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound,
When so many bring hither a little each day,
And we see very few who take any away."

And yet, after all, I am far from being sure that my father's friend was altogether correct in saying that an incapacity for work is the *only* thing a college gives. It is true enough as far as the strictly academic part of undergraduate life is concerned; but the social side seems to me to hold an evil even more pernicious, because more insidious. This evil cannot be manifest to any one who is not either a student or in close touch with students. I believe it is more or less common to all American universities, inasmuch as they all have social systems based on competition for election to the clubs or fraternities which rule the student life. In "Stover at Yale" Mr. Owen Johnson has analyzed the effects of that sort of social competition which is peculiar to Yale. It is pretty much the same elsewhere. In my own college, for instance, where the clubs elect new members at the middle of the sophomore year, they dominate the underclassmen's imagination, because to them they spell success or failure. The man who belongs to a prominent club, though he may have achieved nothing else, has made good, whereas the man who is on a varsity team or the college daily—who, in other words, has accomplished something by force of true ability—has failed.

This state of affairs is to blame for the most unpleasant phase of college life. I mean the impregnable and inviolable barriers of caste. Let me hasten to add that these castes are quite different from those of the outside world; they do not depend on "family" or "position in society," nor on wealth or brains or any of those obvious things. To the uninitiated they may well seem occult in their workings. The fact is that, while the college from one point of view is a democracy—in so far that money and family *in themselves* count for little—from another point of view it constitutes an aristocracy as rigid as that of the Hindus or the feudal ages. But what, then, determines a man's rung on this ladder? The whole matter depends upon the club question, and a man's status is decided by the club for which he seems to be bound. The distributing process begins about the middle of the freshman year. At that time certain men become marked out as destined for such and such a club. Their friends hope to be carried in with them, and thus they form little cliques which are very jealous. Since many of the members of these cliques are not sure of their position, they feel that to look down upon less fortunate mortals is one means of proving that they belong among the elect, and they are inclined to impute base motives to any one who makes overtures to them. Excepting, of course, that anybody in a "big" club is at perfect liberty to cultivate the acquaintance of anybody in a smaller one, it is practically impossible for men to get to know each other unless some remarkably strong bond draws them together. Any one who tries to overlook these conventions as unworthy is considered, of necessity, a "boot-licker" trying to force himself into the society of his betters, and therefore doubly damned. Such a system results not unnaturally in setting up false ideals. Every one wishes to succeed in college, and he finds that success comes, not from achievement, as it should, but from catering to the majority.

I had no sooner entered as a freshman than I discovered that a certain accepted mode of thinking and talking was as necessary as the outward observances of wearing a little black cap and not walking on the grass. If you did not say what the rest said and think as the rest thought, you were likely to "get in wrong." And that was disastrous, because then you might not "make" a club. Of course, in so close a community as the college or the small university, where one is in unremitting contact with his fellows, it is not surprising that a premium should be set upon conformity. For one thing, it is so delightfully easy to get all one's ideas ready-made. A complete set of these ready-made ideas the freshman finds awaiting him. Perhaps it would be no worse for him to have these than none at all, if they did not block the way against new ones, and thus make him almost impervious; but the trouble is that an almost irresistible pressure is exerted to force him into accepting these second-hand

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opinions. Surely doing as the rest do seems a small price to pay for success, and the majority never realize that they are paying a price at all. Naturally, when the forfeit is social damnation, only a very few brazen and hardy souls dare to stand out against the tyranny of the average. It really takes considerable courage; more than I, for one, ever cared to exert.

The trouble is that judgment is passed upon a man before the middle of his sophomore year, and that consequently his judges are boys of eighteen or nineteen, who approve or condemn by superficial and puerile standards. Of course conformity to these standards is the highest possible recommendation, and divergence from them, whether for better or for worse, the gravest fault. Sophomores do not like a man to study very hard or to be seriously in earnest about anything intellectual; he must hold the average views on everything from religion to intercollegiate athletics. This standardization accounts for the strange phenomenon of a body of men all of whom think and do and say the same thing about really important subjects—that is, such as the merits of a certain make of automobile or the inadequacy of the chorus at the Winter Garden or the excellence of the quarterback. Many topics—such, for example, as Socialism, woman suffrage, and poetry—are either taboo or at least to be treated with extreme flippancy. And yet this hindrance to intellectual development, by far the most powerful of all, is the one which the faculty and the trustees choose to ignore. So the social system goes on molding replicas and the university foists them upon the world as bachelors of art.

These two things, then, I have found that the college works to give her undergraduates: an inability to work, due to four years of pleasant idleness, and a habit of thinking—nay, a desire to think—as the rest think and do as the rest do. A college training tends to destroy industry and independence. The two causes which make for these results are the lack of discipline in the curriculum and the competitive social system. From the point of view of one undergraduate about to be thrust forth upon the world to earn his living, it does not seem that the college has performed its duty of preparing him to lead a useful life.

And yet I am glad I came to college! And, moreover, I do not think it is solely because the college gives four years which could not well be pleasanter and happier. For one thing, there is only a tendency, however strong it may be, toward the undesirable results I have mentioned, and probably the only men who succumb irrevocably are those who never would have been workers or independent thinkers under other circumstances. The others probably recover eventually, sometimes even before graduation. Then besides, in spite of the college's organization, one finds enough exceptions among both faculty and students to atone for much. In spite of the preference for mere research workers, a few men who are really teachers manage to slip in, and the student who is lucky enough to make their acquaintance finds in them much inspiration. Then, too, one's studies are not all perfunctory wasting of time. I have had two courses, both, by the way, in the classics, which I consider worth the six hundred dollars I have paid into the treasury for tuition. Also, the almost unlimited leisure furnished allows abundant time for independent reading. But the real education comes from one's fellows. One cannot live for four years in unceasing contact with a body of miscellaneous men from all parts of the country and all walks of life without learning much on all sorts of subjects. For instance, I have learned more about literature from one of my friends who is an inveterate reader than from all my courses put together. But these benefits are conferred in spite of the university's organization. It may be true that, in spite of itself, a college course is better than nothing of the sort at all. Nevertheless, judged by what it ought to do, by the thorough mental discipline it ought to enforce, and the vigorous independence of thought it ought to inculcate, the college is more or less of a failure, as far as an undergraduate can determine from his own experience.

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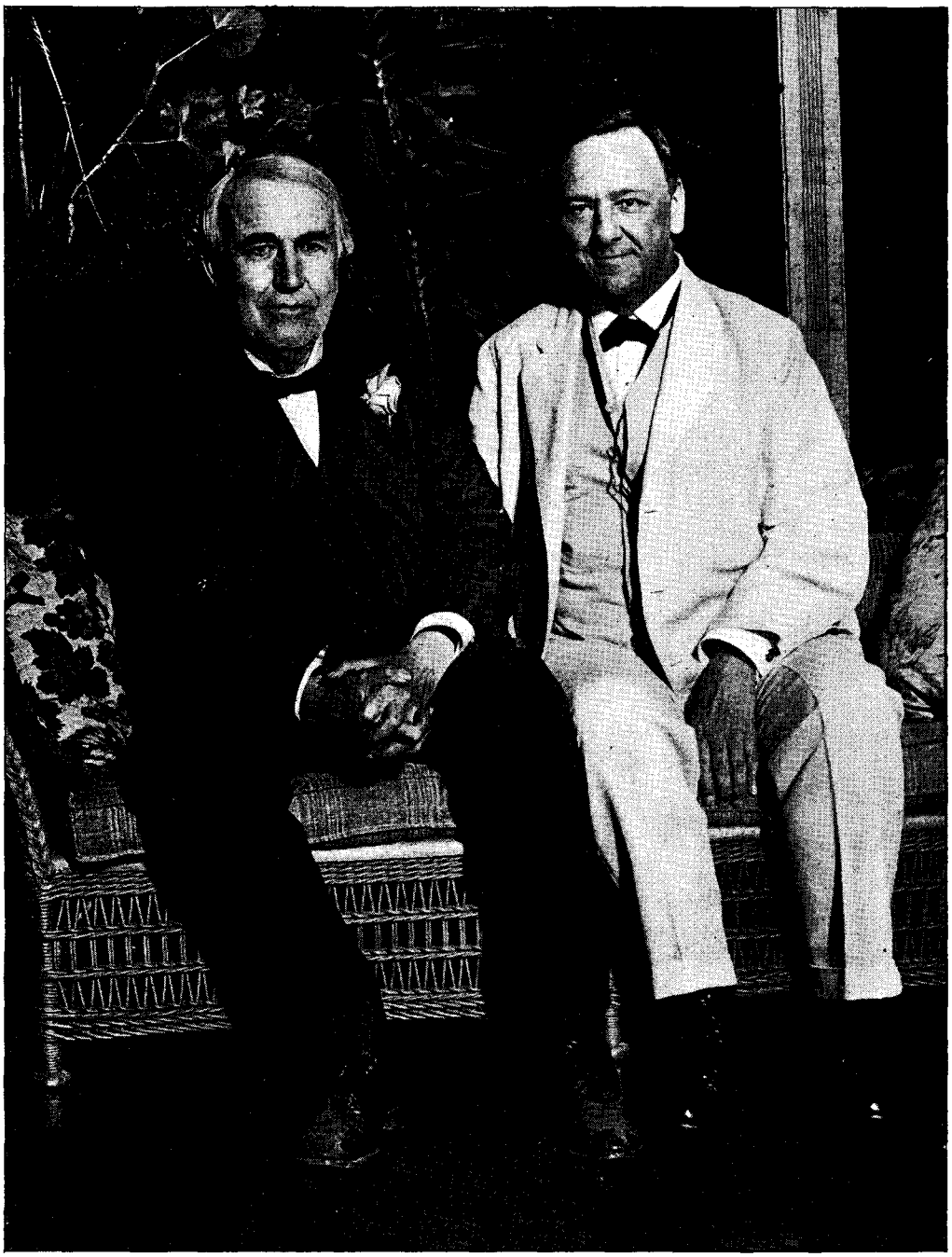
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THOMAS A. EDISON AND MR. DANIELS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

The picture was taken upon the arrival of the Secretary at the inventor's home in West Orange, New Jersey, to discuss plans for the formation of the new Naval Advisory Board of Invention and Development, which Mr. Edison is to head. See editorial comment

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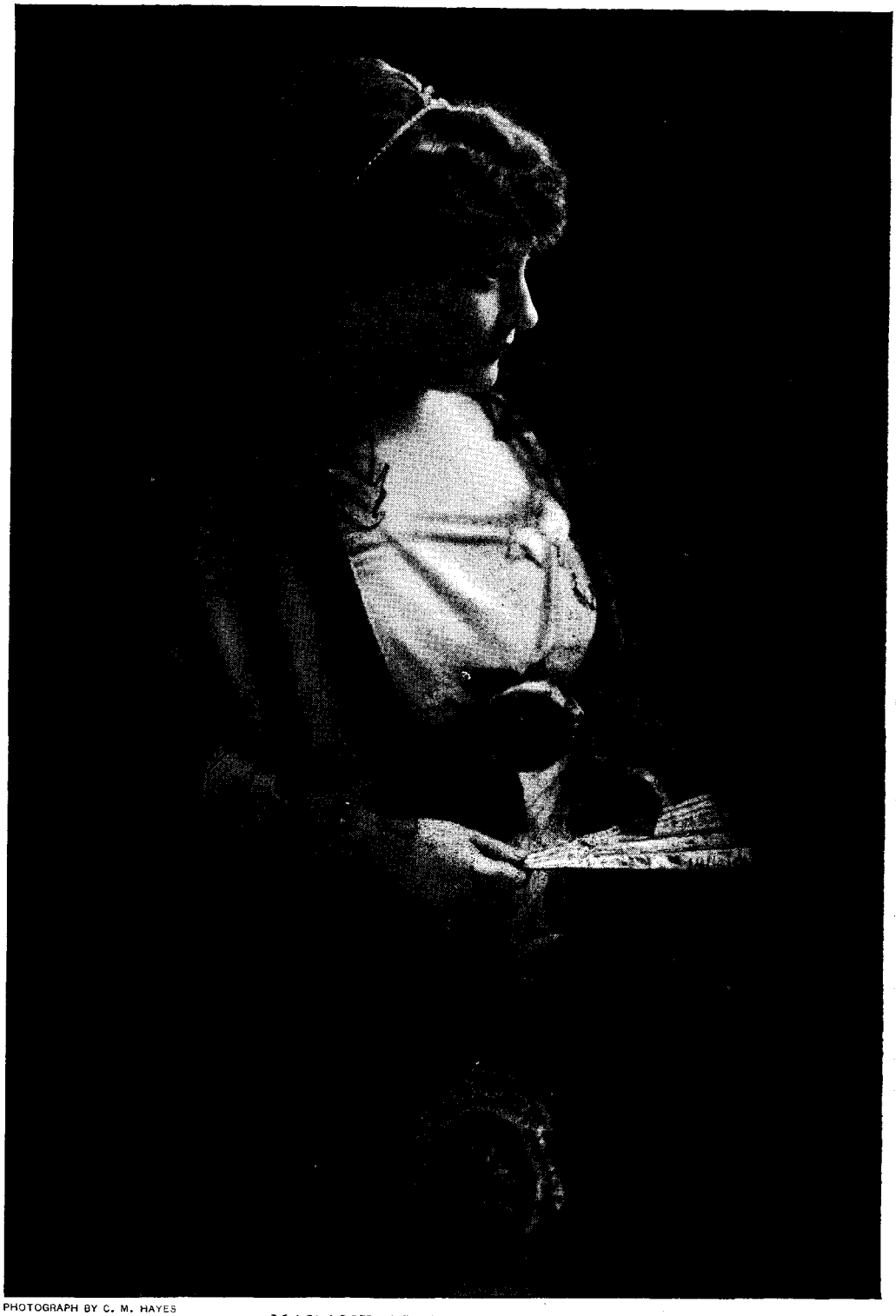

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. HAYES

MADAME SLAVKO GROUITCH

Madame Grouitch, who sailed on July 17 from New York for England, on her return to Servia, is the wife of the Servian Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. She is an American woman, and has been lecturing to large audiences during her recent tour across this country to the Pacific Coast, appealing for assistance to relieve the needs of the stricken women and children of her adopted country, ravaged not only by war, but by the deadly typhus. She was instrumental in organizing the Servian Agricultural Relief Committee of America, of which Dr. Charles W. Eliot is the Honorary Chairman. Madame Grouitch took with her the equipment for a Babies' Hospital, which is greatly needed in Servia

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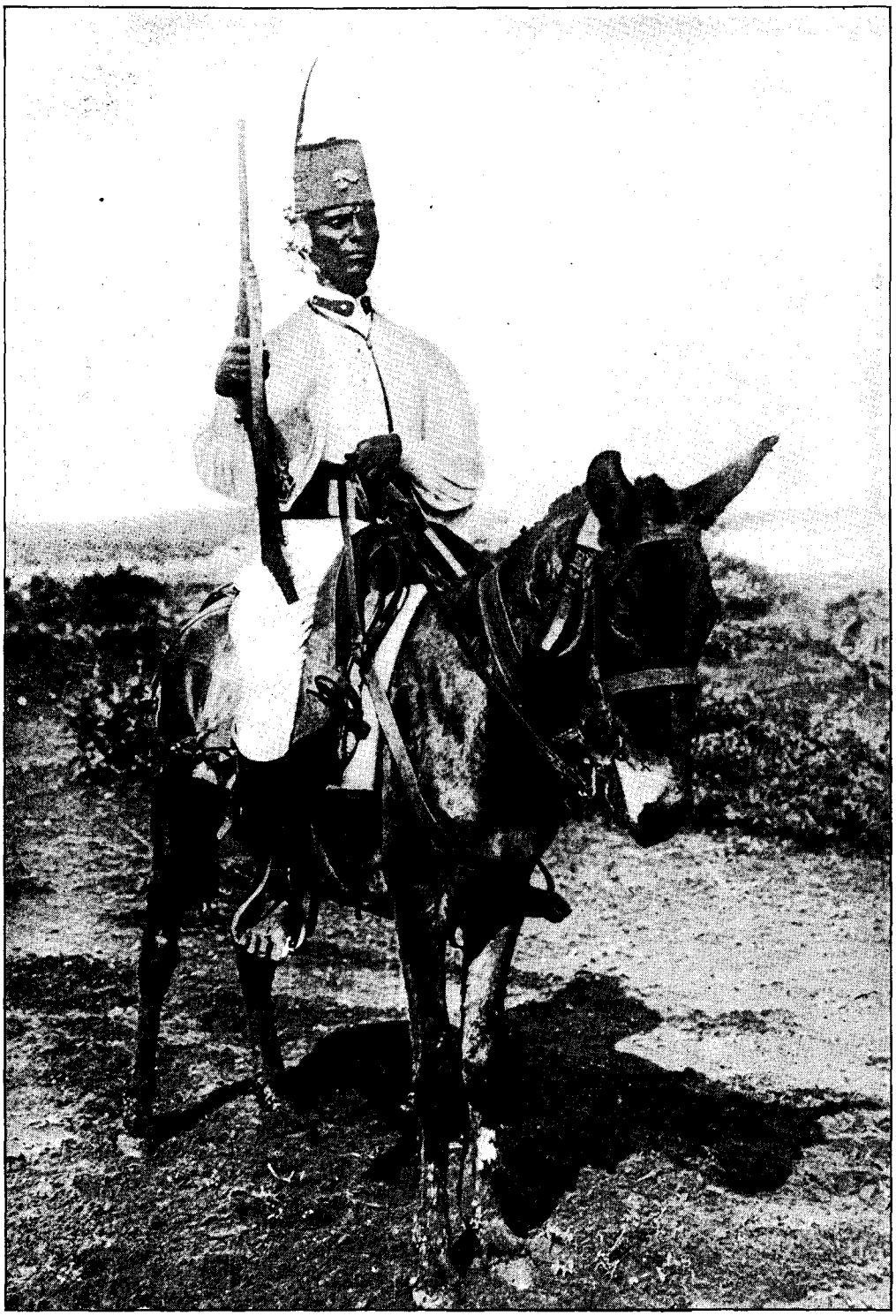

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

ONE OF ITALY'S COLONIAL WARRIORS

This trooper is an Askari, a native of Italy's African colonial possessions, and is now fighting in Europe on the Tyrolean frontier

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

GERALDINE FARRAR IN THE "MOVIES"

The decision of this celebrated American operatic star to enter the "movie" field has excited wide public interest. She is here seen talking over a scene from the opera "Carmen" with the director-general of a "movie" company, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille, at Hollywood, California

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ASLEEP ON A HOT DAY

The children of New York's East Side sought relief in various forms from the intense heat of July. The horse troughs, the sprinkling-carts, and the street-cleaners' hose were especially popular. Often tired little ones like these slept soundly in the shade of more or less cool doorways

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PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. CUMMINGS

ARGENTINA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

The one hundred and fifth anniversary of the Argentine Republic's independence was celebrated on May 25 last. This photograph shows the procession of public officials leaving the Cathedral after mass, with Dr. Roque Saenz Peña President of the Argentine Republic, at the head, accompanied by the Chancellors of Brazil and Chile and other representatives of the foreign diplomatic service

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN BESTOWING MILITARY COMMISSIONS ON NEW OFFICERS

At the Academy of Infantry, in Toledo, Queen Victoria is seen presenting military commissions to new officers in the presence of the King, the Princess Salm-Salm, and others

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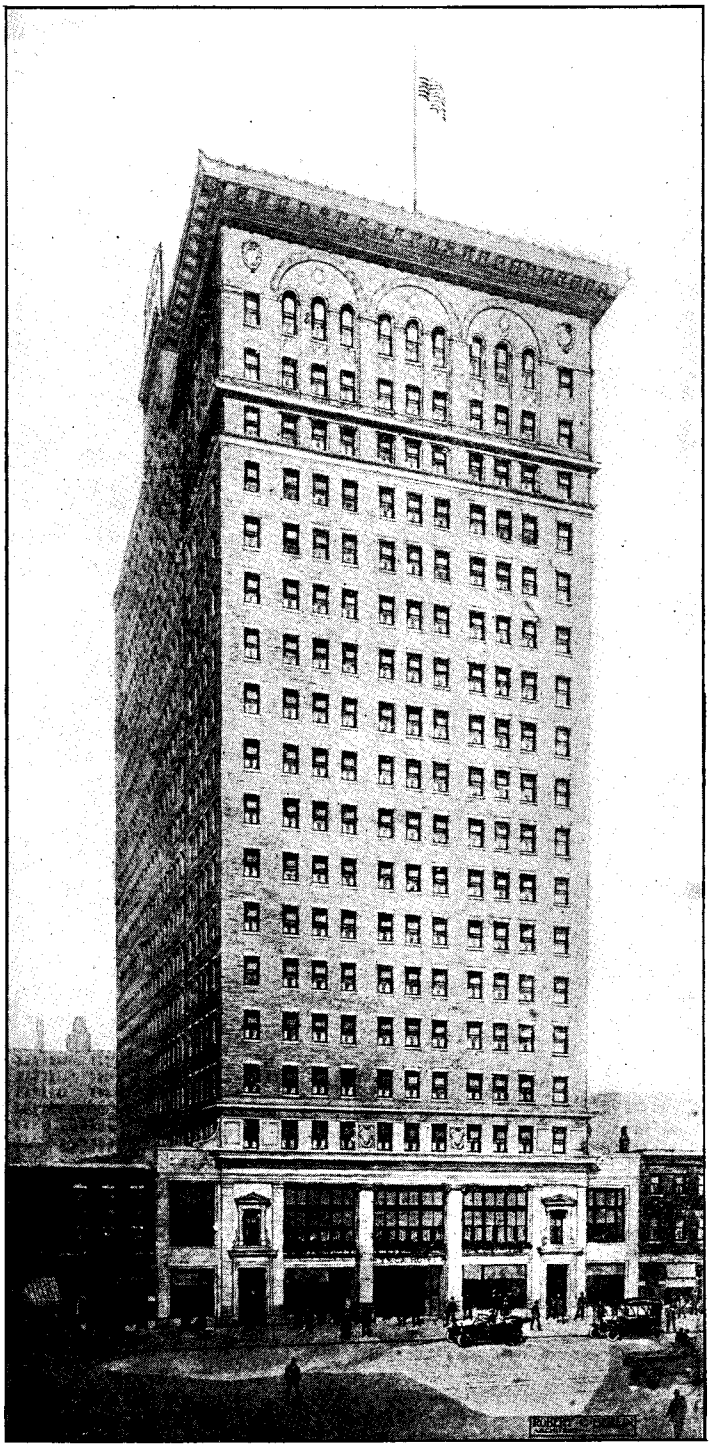

THE SKY-SCRAPER HOTEL OF THE CHICAGO Y. M. C. A.

This hotel will be 19 stories high, will contain 1,800 rooms, and will have a lobby seating 1,000 persons, to be used as a room for entertainments. The building is to cost $1,100,000. See editorial pages

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ALASKA DAYS WITH JOHN MUIR[1]

BY S. HALL YOUNG

III—THE LOST GLACIER

JOHN MUIR was married in the spring of 1880 to Miss Strenzel, the daughter of a Polish physician who had come out in the great stampede of 1849 to California, but had found his gold in oranges, lemons, and apricots on a great fruit ranch at Martinez, California. A brief letter from Muir told of his marriage, with just one note in it whose depth of joy and peace I could fathom, knowing him so well. Then no word of him until the monthly mail boat came in September. As I stood on the wharf with the rest of the Wrangell population, as was the custom of our isolation, watching the boat come in, I was overjoyed to see John Muir on deck, in that same old long gray ulster of Scotch tweed and Scotch cap of the same color. He waved and shouted at me before the boat touched the wharf; then, springing ashore, he said:

"When can you be ready?"

"Aren't you a little fast?" I replied. "What does this mean? Where's your wife?"

"Man," he exclaimed, "have you forgotten? Don't you know we lost a glacier last fall? Do you think I could sleep soundly in my bed this winter with that hanging on my conscience? My wife could not come, so I have come alone, and you've got to go with me to find the lost. Get your canoe and crew and let us be off."

The ten months since Muir had left me had not been spent in idleness at Wrangell. I had made two long voyages of discovery and missionary work; one in the spring, of four hundred and fifty miles around Prince of Wales Island, visiting the five towns of Hydah Indians and the three villages of the Hanega tribe of Thlingets; another in the summer down the coast to the Cape Fox and Tongass tribes of Thlingets, and across Dixon Entrance to Fort Simpson, where there was a Methodist mission among the Tsimpheans, and on fifteen miles farther to the famous mission of Father Duncan at Metlakahtla. I had written accounts of these trips to Muir; but for him the greatest interest was in the glaciers and mountains of the mainland.

[1] Dr. Young's first and second articles in the series of which this is the last will be found in The Outlook for May 26 and June 23.—THE EDITORS.

Our preparations were soon made. Alas and alas! we could not have our fine old Captain Tow-a-att this time. On the 10th of January, 1880—the darkest day of my life—this "noblest Roman of them all" fell dead at my feet with a bullet through his forehead, shot by a member of that same Hootz-noo tribe to whom he had preached the gospel of peace so simply and eloquently a few months before. The Hootz-noo tribe, maddened by the fiery liquor that bore their name, came to Wrangell, and a preliminary skirmish led to an attack at daylight of that winter day upon the Stickeen village. Old Tow-a-att had stood for peace, and, rather than have any bloodshed, had offered all his blankets as a peace offering, although in no physical fear himself; but when the Hootz-noos, encouraged by the seeming cowardice of the Stickeens, broke into their houses, and the Christianized tribes, provoked beyond endurance, came out with their guns, Tow-a-att came forth armed only with his old carved spear, the emblem of his position as chief, to see if he could not call his tribe back again. At my instance, as I stood with my hand on his shoulder, he lifted up his voice to recall his people to their houses, when, in an instant, the volley commenced on both sides, and this Christian man, one of the simplest and grandest souls I ever knew, fell dead at my feet, and the tribe was tumbled back into barbarism; and the white man, who had taught the Indians the art of making rum, and the white man's Government, which had afforded no safeguard against such scenes, were responsible.

Muir mourned with me the fate of this old chief; but another of my men, Lot Tyeen, was ready with a swift canoe. Joe, his son-in-law, and Billy Dickinson, a half-breed boy of seventeen who acted as interpreter, formed the crew. When we were about to embark I suddenly thought of my little dog Stickeen, and made the resolve to take him along. My wife and Muir both protested, and I almost yielded to their persuasion. I shudder now to think what the world would have lost had their arguments prevailed. That little long-haired, brisk, beautiful, but very independent dog, in co-ordination with Muir's

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genius, was to give to the world its greatest dog classic. Muir's story of "Stickeen" ranks with "Rab and His Friends," "Bob, Son of Battle," and far above "The Call of the Wild." Indeed, in subtle analysis of dog character as well as beauty of description I think it outranks them all. All over the world men, women, and children are reading with laughter, thrills, and tears this exquisite little story.

I have told Muir that he did not do justice in his story to my little puppy's beauty. I think that he was the handsomest dog I have ever known. His markings were very much like those of an American shepherd dog—black, white, and tan—although he was not half the size of one; but his hair was so silky and so long, his tail so heavily fringed and beautifully curved, his eyes so deep and expressive, and his shape so perfect in its graceful contours, that I have never seen another dog quite like him; otherwise Muir's description of him is perfect. The little dog, lacking the affectionate manner of many of his species, yet won all hearts. When he was only a round ball of silky fur as big as your fist he was given as a wedding present to my bride, December 15, 1878. I carried him in my overcoat pocket to and from the steamer as we sailed from Sitka to Wrangell. Soon after we arrived a solemn delegation of Stickeen Indians came to call on the bride; but as soon as they saw the puppy they were solemn no longer. His gravely humorous antics were irresistible. It was Moses who named him Stickeen, after their tribe—an exceptional honor. Thereafter the whole tribe adopted and protected him, and woe to the Indian dog which molested him. Once when I was passing the house of this same Lot Tyeen one of his large hunting-dogs dashed out at Stickeen and began to worry him. Lot rescued the little fellow, delivered him to me, and walked into his house. Soon he came out with his gun, and before I knew what he was about he had shot the offending Indian dog—a valuable animal.

Dr. Kendall, the "Grand Old Man of the Presbyterian Church," during his visit of 1879 used to break away from solemn counsels with the other D.D.'s and the carpenters to run after and shout at Stickeen.

Mrs. McFarland, the mother of Protestant missions in Alaska, often begged us to give her the dog; and when, in 1883, during our absence in the East on a lecture tour, he was stolen from her care by some unscrupulous tourist, and so forever lost to us, she could hardly afterwards speak of him without tears.

The canoe was light and easily propelled. Our outfit was very simple, for this was to be a quick voyage, and there were not to be so many missionary visits this time. It was principally a voyage of discovery; we were in search of the glacier that we had lost.

Our route was different; now we struck through Wrangell Narrows, that tortuous and narrow passage between Mitkof and Kupreanof Islands, past Norris Glacier with its far-flung shaft of ice appearing above the forests as if suspended in air, past the bold Point Windham with its bluff of three thousand feet frowning upon the waters of Prince Frederick Sound, and across Port Houton, whose deep fiord had no ice in it and therefore was not worthy of an extended visit. We made all haste, for Muir was, as the Indians said, "always hungry for ice," and this was more especially his expedition. He was the commander now, as I had been the year before. He had set for himself the limit of a month, and must return by the October boat. Often we ran until late at night, against the protests of our Indians, whose life of infinite leisure was not accustomed to such rude interruption. They could not understand Muir at all, nor in the least comprehend his object in visiting icy bays where there was no chance of finding gold and nothing to hunt.

The vision rises before me, as I think back to this second trip of seven hundred miles, of cold, rainy nights when, urged by Muir to make one more point, the natives had passed the last friendly camping-place and we blindly groped for hours in pitchy darkness, trying to find a resting-place. The intensely phosphorescent water flashed about us, the only relief to the inky blackness of the night. Occasionally a salmon or a big halibut, disturbed by our canoe, went streaming like a meteor through the water, throwing off coruscations of light. As we would near the shore the waves breaking upon the rocks would furnish us the only illumination. Sometimes their black tops, with waving seaweed surrounded with phosphorescent breakers, would have the appearance of mouths set with gleaming teeth rushing at us out of the dark as if to devour us; then would come the landing on a sandy beach, and the march through the seaweed up to the wet woods, a fusillade of exploding fucus pods accompanying us as if the outraged fairies were bombarding us with tiny guns. Groping

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with the lantern for a camping-place and for some dry fat spruce wood from which to coax a fire, we made a big camp-fire; then the bean-pot and coffee-pot, the cheerful song and story, and the deep, dreamless sleep that only the weary *voyageur* or hunter can know.

Four or five days sufficed to bring us to our first objective—Sumdum, or Holkham Bay, with its three wonderful arms. Here we were to find the lost glacier. This deep fiord has two great prongs. Neither of them figured in Vancouver's chart, and, so far as records go, we were the first to enter and follow to its end the longest of these, Endicott Arm. We entered the bay at night, caught again by the darkness, and groped our way uncertainly. We probably would have spent most of the night trying to find a landing-place had not the gleam of a fire greeted us, flashing through the trees, disappearing as an island intervened, and again opening up with its fair ray of light as we pushed on. An hour's steady paddling brought us to the camp of some Cassiar miners, my friends. They were here at the foot of a glacier stream from the bed of which they had been sluicing gold. Just now they were in hard luck, as the constant rains had swelled the glacial stream, burst through their wing-dams, swept away their sluice-boxes, and destroyed the work of the summer. Strong men of the wilderness as they were, they were not discouraged, but were discussing plans for prospecting new places and trying it again here next summer. Hot coffee and fried venison emphasized their welcome, and we in return could give them a little news from the outside world, from which they had been shut off completely for months.

Muir called us before daylight the next morning. He had been up since two or three o'clock "studying the night effects," he said, listening to the roaring and crunching of the charging ice as it came out of Endicott Arm, spreading out like the skirmish line of an army and grinding against the rocky point just below us. He had even attempted a moonlight climb up the sloping face of a high promontory, but was unable to get to the top, owing to the smoothness of the granite rock. It was newly glaciated—this whole region—and the hard-rubbing ice tools had polished the granite like a monument. A hasty meal, and we were off.

"We'll find it this time," said Muir.

A miner crawled out of his blankets and came to see us off.

"If it's scenery you're after, ten miles up the bay there's the nicest canyon you ever saw. It has no name that I know of, but it is sure some scenery."

The long, straight fiord stretched southeast into the heart of the granite range, its funnel shape producing tremendous tides. When the tide was going out, that charging phalanx of ice was resistless, storming down the canyon with race-horse speed; no canoe could stem that current. We waited until the turn, then, getting inside the outer fleet of icebergs, we paddled up with the incoming tide. Mile after mile we raced past those smooth mountain shoulders; higher and higher they towered, and the ice closing in upon us threatened a trap. The only way to navigate safely that dangerous fiord was to keep ahead of the charging ice. As we came up towards the end of the bay, the narrowing walls of the fiord compressed the ice until it crowded dangerously around us. Our captain, Lot, had taken the precaution to put a false bow and stern on his canoe, cunningly fashioned out of curved branches of trees and hollowed with his hand-adz to fit the ends of the canoe. These were lashed to the bow and stern by thongs of deer sinew. They were needed. It was like penetrating an Arctic ice-floe. Sometimes we would have to skirt the granite rock and with our poles shove out the ice-cakes to form a passage. It was fully thirty miles to the head of the bay, but we made it in half a day, so strong was the current of the rising tide.

I shall never forget the view that burst upon us as we rounded the last point. The face of the glacier where it discharged its icebergs was very narrow in comparison with the giants of Glacier Bay, but the ice cliff was higher than even the face of Muir Glacier. The narrow canyon of hard granite had compressed the ice of the great glacier until it had the appearance of a frozen torrent broken into innumerable crevasses, the great masses of ice tumbling over one another and bulging out for a few moments before they came crashing and splashing down into the deep waters of the bay. The fiord was simply a cleft in high mountains, and the depth of the water could only be conjectured. It must have been hundreds of feet, perhaps thousands, from the surface of the water to the bottom of that fissure. Smooth, polished, shining breasts of bright-gray granite crowded above the glacier on every side, seeming to overhang the ice and

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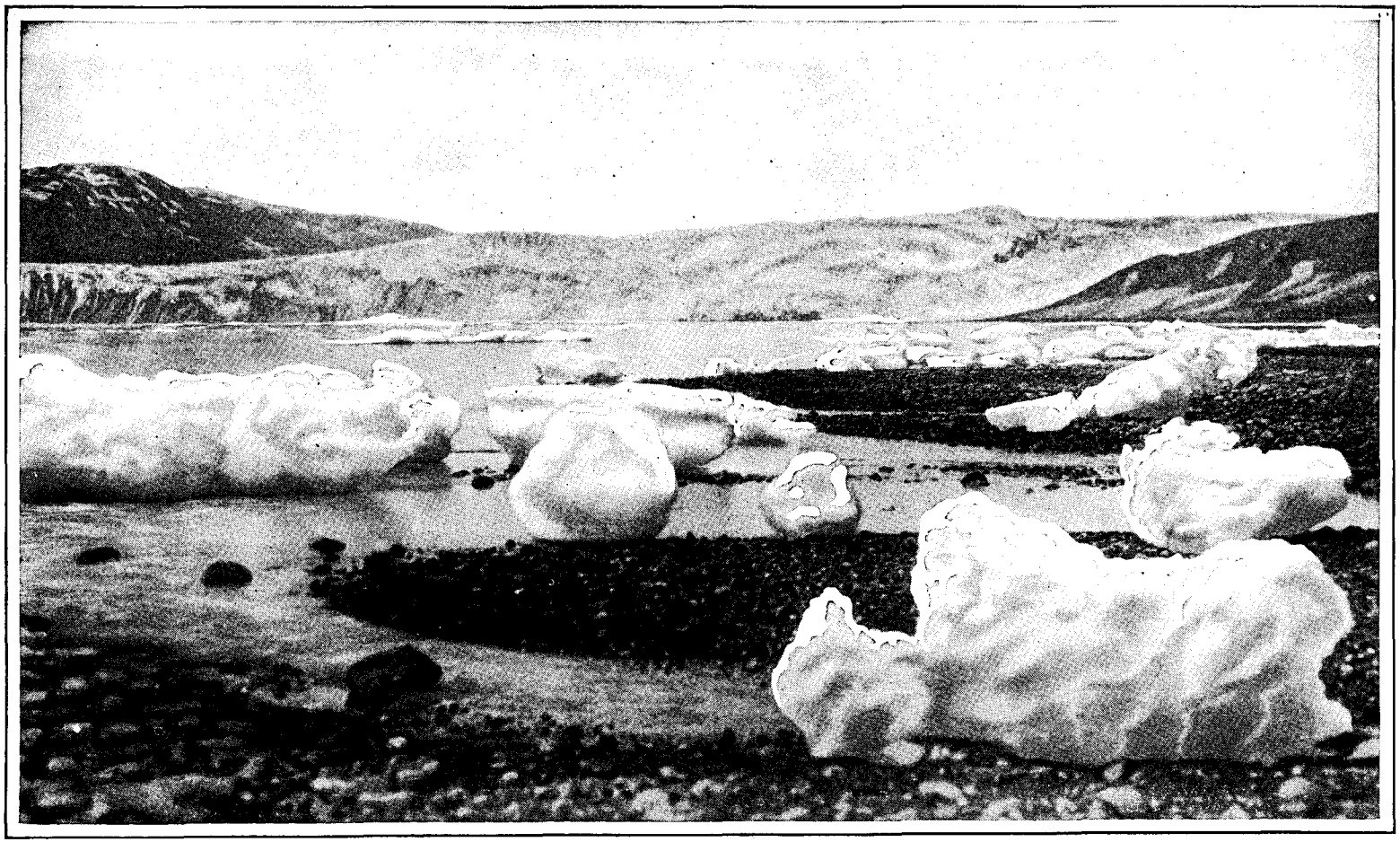

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW

MUIR GLACIER FROM THE SHORE

Dr. Young's second visit to Muir Glacier in company with John Muir is described in this article

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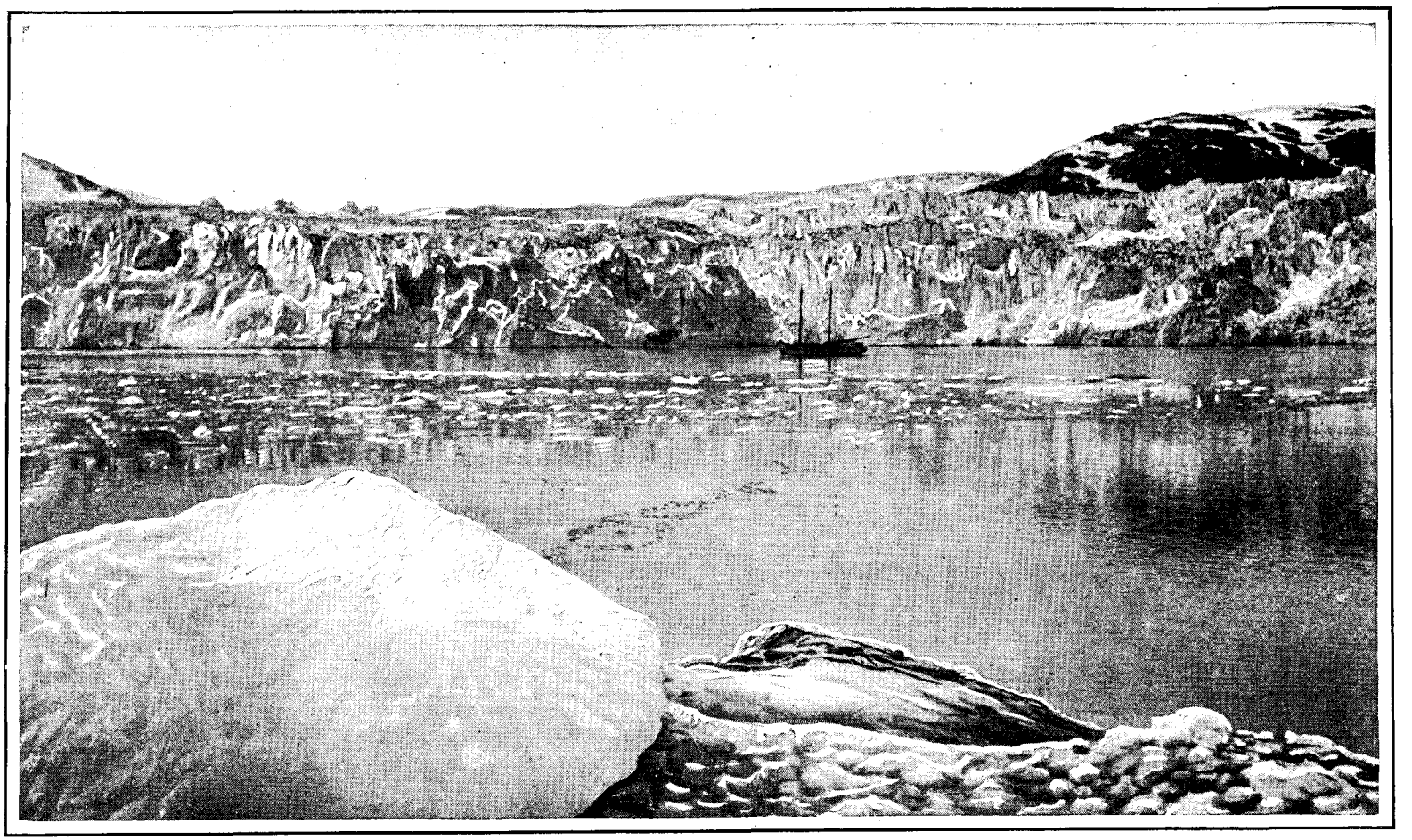

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MUIR GLACIER AS IT MEETS THE SEA

"At Muir Glacier we spent a week this time, making long trips up the mountains that overlooked the glacier and across its surface, . . . Muir, with Stickeen at his heels, crossed entirely, in a diagonal direction, the great glacial lake. . . . This mass of ice is so vast and so comparatively still that it has but few crevasses"

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the bay. Struggling clumps of evergreens clung to the mountain-sides below the glacier, and up, away up, dizzily to the sky towered the walls of the canyon. Hundreds of other Alaskan glaciers excel this in masses of ice and in breadth of front, but none that I have seen condense beauty and grandeur to finer results than this.

Muir, without consulting me, named this glacier Young Glacier, and I was proud to see that name on the charts for the next ten years or more, for we mapped Endicott Arm and the other arm of Sumdum Bay, as we had Glacier Bay; but later maps have a different name. Some ambitious young ensign of a surveying vessel, perhaps, stole my glacier. I have not found in the Alaskan statute-books any penalty attached to the crime of stealing a glacier, but certainly it ought to be ranked as a crime of the first magnitude, the grandest of grand larceny.

A couple of days and nights spent on a shelf of rock facing Young Glacier and in scaling the mountain shoulder and clambering a little distance upon the ice were a time of unmixed pleasure. The rugged face of the glacier and the purity of the ice gave a variety of blue and purple tints that I have never seen surpassed—sky blue, baby blue, turquoise, cobalt, peacock, ultramarine, shading always at the top into lilac and amethyst. I have been thankful all my days since that we lost this glacier the fall before when we were pressed for time and found it again in those glorious clear days that flashed out of the mists for our special delectation.

Racing down the canyon with the charging ice on our return, we kept to the right-hand shore, on the watch for the mouth of the canyon of "some scenery." We had hardly been able to discover it from the other side as we ascended the fiord. We were almost swept past the mouth of it by the force of the current. Paddling into an eddy, we were suddenly halted as by a strong hand pushed against the bow, for the current was flowing like a cataract out of the narrow mouth of this side canyon. A rocky shelf afforded us a landing-place. We hastily unloaded the canoe and pulled it up on the beach, out of reach of the charging ice, and there we had to wait until the next morning before we could penetrate the depths of this great canyon. Muir named it Yosemite Bay, for he said that its precipitous walls and battlements resembled El Capitan and the other heights of Yosemite Valley; only, he said, these of Alaska are much higher and grander. Here the mountain shoulders actually overhung the water; numerous bridal-veil falls streamed sheer from dizzy heights into the salt water of the bay, flying into spray as they descended. We shot through the mouth of the canyon at dangerous speed. We could not do otherwise. At certain stages the tides form an actual fall, for the entrance passage is so narrow that the water heaps up and pours over. We took the beginning of the tide, and so escaped that danger. When we got within, the water was calm and the current more gentle; but the view that burst upon us called for Muir's usual song of praise—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Two beautiful glaciers lay at the head of this canyon, stretching away for miles and miles towards the top of the mountain range; but the wonderfully polished and rounded rock shoulders of those great heights were the most striking features of the scene. The power of the ice stream could be seen in the striated faces of the cliff. What awful force that tool of steel-like ice must have possessed, driven by millions of tons of weight, and scooping out those flinty rock faces as the carpenter's gouge flutes a board!

When we were half-way in this wonderful bay, the sun burst through a rift of cloud. Instantly we saw a dozen rainbows of wonderful distinctness and beauty flashing from as many cascades, waving and dancing—a very riot of color. It was a region of magnificent heights, of graceful curves and contours, of gorgeous color, and of musical, far-echoing sound. It was a land of enchantment, and we turned away from it with reluctance. Had there not been so many things to see beyond, I doubt if Muir would have quit the Yosemite Canyon for days.

There is no time to tell of all the bays we explored, of Holkham Bay, Port Snettisham, Tahkoo Harbor, all of which we rudely put on the map, or at least extended the arms beyond what was previously known. Through Gastineau Channel, now famous for some of the greatest quartz mines and mills in the world, we pushed, camping on the site of what is now Juneau, the capital city of Alaska. We did not dream of a metropolis there, neither did Joe Juneau and Joe Harris, whom we met ten miles distant the next day on their way to make their great discovery. Through Stevens' Passage, stopping to preach to the Awk Indians, then down Chatham

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A THLINGET CHIEF AND HIS WIFE

Strait and into Icy Strait, where the crystal masses of Muir and Pacific Glaciers flashed a greeting from afar. We needed no Hoonah guide this time, and it was well we did not, for both Hoonah villages were deserted. The inhabitants had gone to their hunting, fishing, or berry-picking grounds.

At Pleasant Island we loaded, as on the previous trip, with dry wood for our voyage into Glacier Bay. We were not to attempt the head of the bay this time, but to confine our exploration to Muir Glacier, which we had only touched upon the previous fall. Pleasant Island was the scene of one of Stickeen's many escapades, The little island fairly teemed with big field-mice and pine squirrels, and Stickeen went wild. We could hear his shrill bark, now here, now there, from all parts of the island. When we were ready to leave the next morning, he was not to be seen. We got aboard as usual, thinking that he would follow. A quarter of a mile's paddling, and still no little black head could be discovered in our wake. Muir, who had kept up his pretense of provocation with the little dog and his invidious comparisons with the glorious canines of his acquaintance, was plainly worried. He was even then growing into the affection with which he afterwards regarded the beautiful little midget.

"Row back," he commanded.

We rowed back and called; no Stickeen. Around the next point we rowed and whistled; still no Stickeen. At last, discouraged, I gave the signal to move off. So we rounded the curving shore and pushed towards Glacier Bay. At the far point of the island, a mile from our camping-place, suddenly we discovered Stickeen, away out in the water, paddling calmly and confidently towards our canoe. How he ever got there I cannot imagine. I think he had been taking a long swim out on the bay for the mere pleasure of it. When we took him aboard, he went through his usual performance. He would make his way the whole length of the canoe until he got under Muir's legs before he would shake himself. No protests or discipline—for Muir's kicks always failed of their pretended mark—seemed to avail. To the end of his acquaintance with Muir he always chose Muir's legs as the place to shake himself after a swim.

At Muir Glacier we spent a week this time, making long trips up the mountains that overlooked the glacier and across its surface. On one occasion Muir, with the

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little dog at his heels, crossed entirely, in a diagonal direction, the great glacial lake, a trip of some thirty miles, starting before daylight in the morning, and not appearing at camp until long after dark. Muir always carried several handkerchiefs in his pockets, but this time he returned without any, having used them all up making moccasins for Stickeen, whose feet were cut and bleeding from the sharp honeycomb ice of the glacial surface. This mass of ice is so vast and so comparatively still that it has but few crevasses, and Muir's day for traversing it was a perfect one—warm and sunny.

Another day he and I climbed the mountain that overlooked it and skirted the mighty ice-field for some distance, then walked across the face of the glacier just back of the rapids, keeping away from the deep crevasses. We drove a straight line of stakes across the glacial stream, and visited them each day to watch the deflection and curves of the stakes, and thus arrive at some conception of the rate at which the ice mass was moving. In some parts of the glacial stream this ice current flowed as fast as fifty and sixty feet a day, and we could understand the constant breaking off and leaping up and smashing down of the ice and the formation of that great mass of bergs.

One incident shortly before we left Muir Glacier: I saw Muir furiously angry for the first and last time in my acquaintance with him.

We had noticed day after day, whenever the mists admitted a view of the mountain slopes, bands of mountain goats looking like little white mice against the green of the high pastures. I said to Joe, the hunter:

"Go up and get us a kid. It will be a great addition to our larder."

He took my breech-loading rifle and went. In the afternoon he returned with a fine young buck on his shoulders. While we were examining it he said:

"I picked the fattest and most tender of those that I killed."

"Why," I exclaimed, "did you kill more than this one?"

He put up both hands with fingers extended and then one finger:

"*Tatlum-pe-ict*" (eleven), he replied.

Muir's face flushed red, and with an exclamation that was as near to an oath as he ever came he started for Joe. Luckily for that Indian, he saw Muir and fled like a deer up the rocks, and would not come down until he was assured that he would not be hurt. I shared Muir's indignation and would have enjoyed seeing him administer the richly deserved thrashing.

Muir had a strong aversion to taking the life of any animal; although he would eat meat when prepared, he never killed a wild animal; even the rattlesnakes he did not molest during his long trips in California. Often his softness of heart was a source of some annoyance and a great deal of astonishment to our natives, for he would take pleasure in rocking the canoe when they were trying to get a bead on a flock of ducks or a deer standing on the shore.

On leaving the mouth of Glacier Bay we spent a week or more exploring the inlets and glaciers to the west. These days were rainy and cold. We groped blindly into unknown, unmapped, fog-hidden fiords and bayous, exploring them to their ends, and often taking excursions to the glaciers above them. The climax of the trip, however, was the last glacier we visited, Taylor Glacier, the scene of Muir's great adventure with Stickeen. On Muir's return from this great adventure, which took him away from camp from before daylight till ten o'clock at night, both he and Stickeen were completely exhausted. Supplied with dry garments and refreshed with hot food, Muir soon began to talk. Little by little, between sips of coffee, the story of the day was unfolded. Soon memories crowded for utterance, and I listened till midnight, entranced by a succession of vivid descriptions the like of which I have never heard before or since. The fierce music and grandeur of the storm, the expanse of ice with its bewildering crevasses, its mysterious contortions, its solemn voices, were made to live before me.

When Muir described his marooning on the narrow island of ice surrounded by fathomless crevasses, with a knife-edged sliver curving deeply "like the cable of a suspension bridge" diagonally across it as the only means of escape, I shuddered at his peril. I held my breath as he told of the terrible risks he ran as he cut his steps down the wall of ice to the bridge's end, knocked off the sharp edge of the sliver, hitched across inch by inch and climbed the still more difficult ascent on the other side. But when he told of Stickeen's cries of despair at being left on the other side of the crevasse, of his heroic determination at last to do or die, of his careful progress across the sliver as he braced himself

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against the gusts and dug his little claws into the ice, and of his passionate revulsion to the heights of exultation when, intoxicated by his escape, he became a living whirlwind of joy, flashing about in mad gyrations, and crying (in dog language), "Saved!" my tears streamed down my face. Before the close of the story Stickeen arose, stepped slowly across to Muir, and crouched down with his head on Muir's foot, gazing into his face and murmuring soft canine words of adoration to his god.

This occurred in the fall of 1880, but it was not until 1897—seventeen years afterwards—that he gave to the public his story of Stickeen. How many times he had written and rewritten this story I know not. He had first told it again and again to me and to others until the phases and plan of it were thoroughly formed in his brain. He was never satisfied with a sentence until it balanced well. He had the keenest sense of melody, as well as harmony, in his sentence structure, and this dog story of his is a remarkable instance of the growth to perfection of the great production of a great master.

The wonderful endurance of this man, whom Theodore Roosevelt has so well called a "perfectly natural man," was shown by the extent of his trips day after day, both in time and in distance traveled. The condition of my shoulders was such that I dared not join him in his longer and more perilous climbs, but Stickeen was always with him. Muir's practice, especially when the night was stormy and the wind howled and the rain slashed, was to get up from his bed at two or three o'clock in the morning, not stopping to cook breakfast, but taking a little bread or sea-biscuit in his pocket. Sometimes I would prepare sandwiches for him the night before and place them within his reach. He would go through the greatest exertion, climbing high mountains, crossing dangerous glaciers, breasting the storm continually for from twelve to eighteen hours, coming back long after nightfall full of his story. He would sometimes sit with a cup of coffee in his hand, setting it down now and then to gesture, talking away until it would grow cold—so full was he of what he had seen. On the occasion of his adventure with Stickeen he was gone at least eighteen hours, and yet the next day he went through almost as strenuous exertion, traveling nearly as far in a different direction. Then, after such a day, he would often write and fill out his pencil sketches of the mountains for two or three hours before lying down in his blankets to sleep. I attended to the cooking and camping, procuring all food, fuel, and equipment.

There was an incident of Indian life which occurred here that is worth telling. We found an old Hoonah chief camped by the mouth of the cold stream which flows from under Taylor Glacier. This glacier, contrary to the habits of most of the glaciers in that region, was advancing more rapidly than it melted, and on its way towards the sea it had inserted its plowshare of hard ice under a considerable mountain, heaved it up on its mighty shoulder, smashed the rocks into a thousand fragments, tumbling rocks and forests upon its icy back, and was carrying all majestically towards the sea. Judging by the rate at which it was traveling when we saw it, it must have been advancing a mile or more every year. It had encroached upon a salmon stream up which silver hordes of fine red salmon were pushing. The stream was now so short, however, that most of these salmon swam a little ways into the mouth of the stream and then out into the salt water again, bewildered and circling about, doubtless wondering what had become of their parent stream. The old Hoonah chief, with his three wives and a little company of children and grandchildren, was camped at the mouth of this stream, and the many salmon weirs and summer-houses showed that it had been at one time a very important fishing-place. The young squaws brought us Indian baskets full of delicious strawberries. The old chief gave me a freshly caught porpoise and an abundance of clams and crabs, coming to our camp frequently and sitting motionless, staring at me. About the third day he called Billy, my interpreter, and asked for a big talk. With all ceremony we made preparations, gave presents of leaf tobacco and hardtack, and I composed myself for the palaver. After the usual preliminaries, in which he told me at great length what a great man I was, how like a father to all the people, comparing me to sun, moon, stars, and all other great things, I broke in upon his stream of compliments and asked what he wanted. Recalled to earth, he said:

"I wish you to pray to your God."

"For what do you wish me to pray?" I asked.

The old man raised his blanketed form to its full height and waved his hand with a magnificent gesture towards the glacier.

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"Do you see that great ice mountain?"

"Yes."

"Once," he continued, "I had the finest salmon stream upon the coast." Pointing to a cliff of rock five or six miles beyond the mouth of the glacier, he said: "Once the salmon stream extended far beyond that rock. There was a great fall there and a deep pool below it, and here for years great schools of king salmon came crowding up to the foot of that fall. To spear them or net them was very easy; they were the fattest and best salmon among all these islands. My household had abundance of meat for the winter's need. But the cruel spirit of that glacier grew angry with me, I know not why, and drove the ice mountain down towards the sea and spoiled my salmon stream. A year or two more and it will be blotted out entirely. I have done my best. I have prayed to my gods. Last spring I sacrificed two of my slaves—members of my household, my best slaves, a strong man and his wife—to the spirit of that glacier to make the ice mountain stop; but it comes on; and now I want you to pray to *your* God, the God of the white man, to see if he will make the glacier stop!"

I wish I could give you the pathetic earnestness of this old Indian and the simplicity with which he told of the sacrifice of his slaves, and the eager look with which he awaited my answer. When I exclaimed in horror at his deed of blood, he was astonished. He could not understand.

"Why, they were *my* slaves," he said, "and the man suggested it himself. He was glad to go to death to help his chief."

A few years after this our missionary at Hoonah had the pleasure of baptizing this old chief into the Christian faith. He had put away his slaves and his plural wives, had surrendered the implements of his old superstition, and, as a child, embraced the new gospel of peace and love. He could not get rid of his superstition about the glacier, however, and about eight years afterwards, visiting at Wrangell, he told me, as an item of news which he expected would greatly please me, that, doubtless as a result of my prayers, Taylor Glacier was receding and the salmon were beginning to come again into that stream.

The latter part of this voyage was hurried. Muir had a wife waiting for him at home, and he had promised to stop over in Alaska only one month. We had dallied so long with his icy loves, the glaciers, that we must make all haste to Sitka, where he expected to take the return steamer. To miss that would condemn him to Alaska and absence from his wife for another month. Through a continually pouring rain we sailed by the then deserted town of Hoonah, ascending with the tide a long, narrow, shallow inlet, dragged our canoe a hundred feet over a little hill, and then descended with the receding tide another long, narrow passage down to Chatham Strait, and on to the mouth of Peril Strait, which divides Barranof from Chichagof Island.

On the other side of Chatham Strait, opposite the mouth of Peril, we visited again Angoon, the village of the Hootz-noos. From this town the painted and drunken warriors had come the winter before and attacked the Stickeens, killing old Tow-a-att, Moses, and another of our Christian Indians. The trouble was not settled yet, and, although the two tribes had exchanged some pledges and promised to fight no more, I feared a fresh outbreak, and so thought it wise to pay another visit to the Hootz-noos. As we approached Angoon, however, I heard the war-drums beating with their peculiar cadence, "tum-tum"—a beat off—"tum-tum, tum-tum." As we came up to the beach I saw what was seemingly the whole tribe dancing their war-dances, arrayed in their war-paint, with their fantastic war-gear on. So earnestly engaged were they in their dance that they at first paid no attention whatever to me. My heart sank into my boots. "They are going back to Wrangell to attack the Stickeens," I thought, "and there will be another bloody war."

Driving our canoe ashore, we hurried up to the head chief of the Hootz-noos, who was alternately haranguing his people and directing the dances.

"Anatlask," I called, "what does this mean? You are going on the war-path. Tell me what you are about. Are you going back to Stickeen?"

He looked at me vacantly a little while, and then a grin spread from ear to ear. It was the same chief in whose house I had seen the idiot boy a year before.

"Come with me," he said.

He led us into his house and across the room to where, in state, surrounded by all kinds of chieftain's gear—Chilcat blankets, totemic carvings and paintings, chieftain's hats, and cunningly woven baskets—there lay

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the body of a stalwart young man wrapped in a button-embroidered blanket. The chief silently removed the blanket from the face of the dead. The skull was completely crushed on one side as by a heavy blow. Then the story came out.

The hootz, or big brown bear of that country, is as large and as savage as the grizzly bear of the Rockies. At certain seasons he is, as the natives say, *quonsum-sollex* (always mad). The natives seldom attack these bears, confining their attention to the more timid and easily killed black bears. But this young man, with a companion, hunting on Barranof Island, across the strait, found himself suddenly confronted by an enormous brown bear. The young man rashly shot him with his musket, wounding him sufficiently to make him furious. The tremendous brute hurled his thousand pounds of ferocity at the hunter, and one little tap of that huge paw crushed his skull like an eggshell. His companion brought his body home; and now the whole tribe had formally declared war on that bear, and all this dancing and painting and drumming was in preparation for a war party, composed of all the men, dogs, and guns in the town. They were going on the war-path to get that bear. Greatly relieved, I gave them my blessing and speeded them on their way.

We had been rowing all night before this incident, and all the next night we sailed up the tortuous Peril Strait, going upward with the flood, one man steering while the others slept, to the meeting-place of the waters; then down with the receding tide through the islands, and so on to Sitka. Here we met a warm reception from the missionaries, and also from the captain and officers of the old man-of-war Jamestown, afterwards used as a school-ship for the navy in the harbor of San Francisco.

Alaska at that time had no vestige of civil government, no means of punishing crime, no civil officers except the customs collectors, no magistrate or police; every one was a law to himself. The only sign of authority was this cumbersome sailing vessel with its marines and sailors. It could not move out of Sitka Harbor without first sending by the monthly mail steamer to San Francisco for a tug to come and tow it through these intricate channels to the sea, where the sails could be spread. Of course it was not of much use to this vast territory. The officers of the Jamestown were supposed to be doing some surveying, but, lacking the means of travel, what they did amounted to very little. They were interested at once in our account of the discovery of Glacier Bay and of the other unmapped bays and inlets that we had entered. At their request, from Muir's notes and my estimate of distances by our rate of sailing and of directions from observations of our little compass, we drew a rough map of Glacier Bay. This was sent on to Washington by these officers and published by the Navy Department. For six or seven years it was the only sailing chart of Glacier Bay, and two or three steamers were wrecked groping their way in these uncharted passages before surveying vessels began to make accurate maps. So from its beginning has Uncle Sam neglected this greatest and richest of all his possessions.

Thus ended my canoe voyages with John Muir. Their memory is fresh and sweet as ever. I cannot think of that great, strong, brave, pure soul as dead. Somewhere he is making other explorations, solving other natural problems, using that brilliant inventive genius to good effect; and some time again I shall hear him unfold anew, with still clearer insight and more eloquent words, fresh secrets of his "mountains of God." The Thlingets have a Happy Hunting-Ground in the Spirit Land for dogs as well as for men; and Muir used to contend that they were right—that the so-called lower animals have as much right to a heaven as humans. I wonder if he has found a still more beautiful—a glorified—Stickeen, and if the little fellow still follows and frisks about him as in those great old days. I like to think so; and when I too cross the Great Divide—and it can't be long now—I shall look eagerly for them both to be my companions in fresh adventures. In the meantime I am lonely for them and think of them often, and say, with the Harvester in Gene Stratton Porter's book, "What a dog! and what a *man!!*"

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A VOCATIONAL SCHOOL A HUNDRED YEARS OLD

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

OF recent years, as everybody knows, a mighty controversy has been waging among American educators as to the best method of attaining the great ideal of education—development of character plus preparation for an efficient, productive manhood. All sorts of theories have been advanced, all sorts of radical innovations have been adopted. Yet all the while, and long before controversy became acute, one of the oldest, most remarkable, but least known of American schools for boys has been carrying on the business of education with precisely the thoroughness and success dreamed of by the disputing theorists.

The graduates of this school, unlike so many graduates of other schools, do not flounder through life. When they leave its sheltering roof to play their part in the world of men, they usually know pretty well what they intend to make of themselves and how to go about it. They may not become wealthy—though at least one of them has died a millionaire—but they are virtually certain to earn a comfortable living, and, what is no less to the point, they also are virtually certain to be good citizens. One of the fundamental principles of this school is definite training for good citizenship, and training by methods which are distinctly its own.

Its whole educational system, in fact, is different from that of the ordinary school. But first let me tell you what and where this wonderful school is. It is known as the Thompson's Island Farm and Trades School; it is now entering its second century of existence; and since 1834 it has been situated on a picturesque island in Boston Harbor, an island every foot of which it owns, and every foot of which it utilizes in one way or another for the education of its boys.

These boys—the luckiest boys in America I am inclined to call them—come to it from all parts of New England. As a rule they come from the homes of the poor; at all events, from homes in which circumstances are such that their control and upbringing are difficult. Necessarily they are not expected to pay high tuition fees; some of them pay nothing whatever. But what is required of them, the one indispensable condition to their admittance, is that they have previously been fairly well behaved.

The Farm and Trades School does not pretend to be a reform school. On the contrary, when it was founded by philanthropic citizens of Boston, it was explicitly established as a school for "worthy boys of limited means." Its founders also decided that, in addition to the ordinary elements of "book learning," the boys admitted should be specifically trained for vocations in life, and particularly for farming and craftsmanship. The basic idea of the school, in fine, as stated by its first President, Dr. James Jackson, was to—

> Procure a farm within a few miles of the city, and establish a school upon it, in which boys might be taught the common learning necessary to qualify them to become apprentices to husbandmen and mechanics; and where they might also be employed in the labors of husbandry suited to their ages and strength, at all times not devoted to study or to suitable recreation and rest; and where they should be subjected to a regular but mild and parental discipline, so as to form in them habits of industry and sobriety, of order and respect and submission to the laws; and to train them up to become as far as possible good citizens and useful members of society.

Thus, nearly a hundred years before "vocational training" was agitated as a vital part of public education, Boston possessed a vocational school. The Farm and Trades School also was the first school in the country based on instruction in agriculture. And in the years that have passed, thanks to the genius of the four men who have succeeded one another as its superintendent, it has been a pioneer in many ways. It organized the first boys' band in any school; it led all other schools in adopting the sloyd system of manual instruction, now used by the schools of nearly every city and large town; and, as long ago as 1888, years before the George Junior Republic was started, it established America's first self-governing community for boys.

The credit for initiating this last most important feature of the school's activities belongs to its present superintendent, Mr. Charles H. Bradley, under whom the school has made its greatest progress. Mr. Bradley

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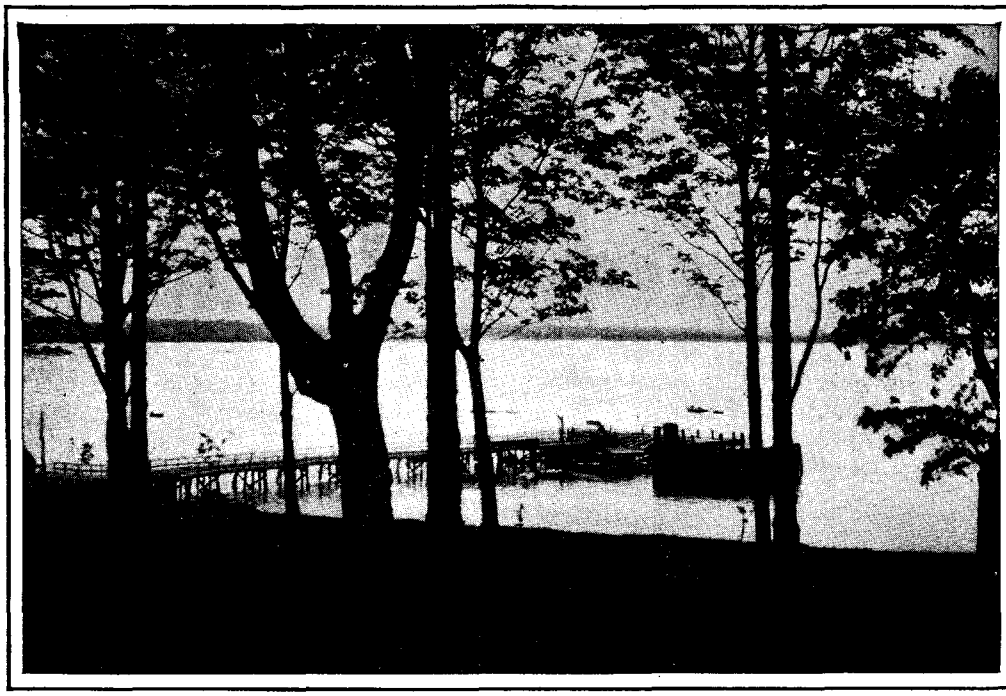
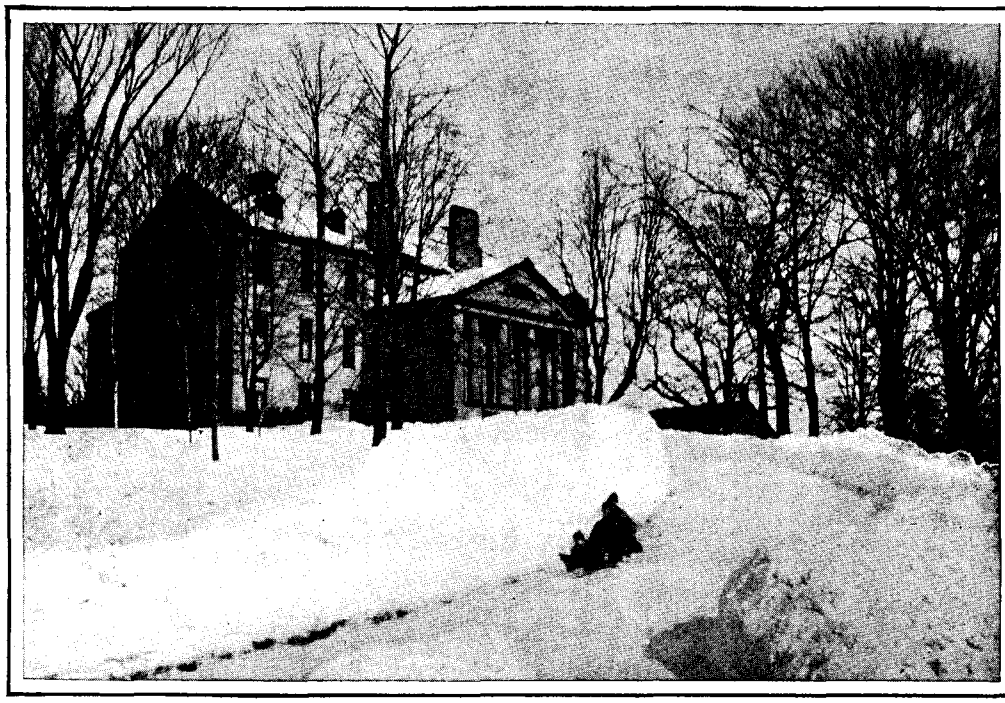


THE LANDING-PLACE ON THOMPSON'S ISLAND



MAIN BUILDING OF THE FARM AND TRADE SCHOOL AS IT LOOKS IN WINTER

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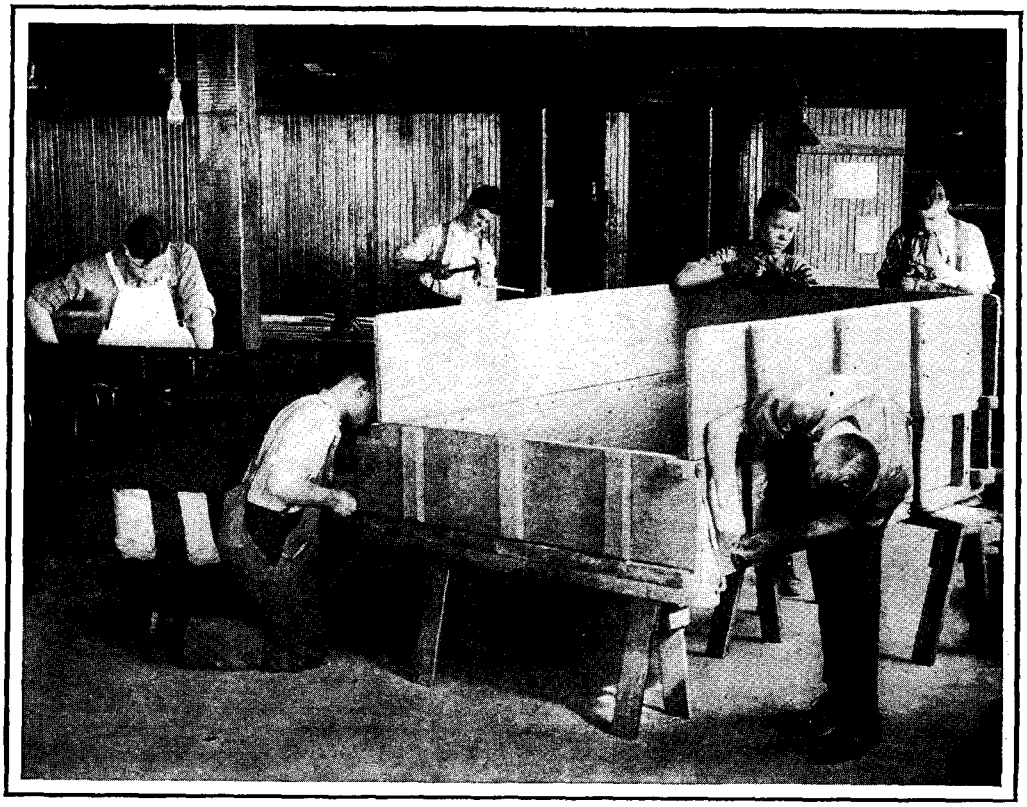

CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING MAKING A FARM CART

frankly says, however, that the boys themselves gave him the idea. Here is the story, as he told it to me, of the origin of the "boys' town" on Thompson's Island:

"When I came to the island, I found the sleeping arrangements not all they should have been. The boys had been sleeping in tiers of bunks, and I determined to replace these with individual iron beds. The bunks were torn out, and the old mattresses in them destroyed. But I saved the ticking, had it washed and disinfected, and gave it to the boys, telling them they might make tents of it.

"All that summer there were two armies encamped about the playground, and the boys had drills, marches, and sham fights. When fall came, one boy asked permission to keep his tent up, explaining that he had lined it with wood. Another then expressed a desire to build a regular house.

"This led me to set apart one end of the playground as a place where any boy who had the ability, or the means to hire more skillful boys to do the work for him, could build a little cottage. I also suggested that it would be a good plan to organize 'Cottage Row' into a town, to be chartered and run like any municipality. Out of this suggestion our 'boys' town' developed more than twenty-six years ago."

With such enthu siasm was the idea adopted and so earnestly has it been carried on by successive school generations that to-day the boys of Thompson's Island, little fellows though most of them are—the usual entering age is from ten to twelve—possess a miniature city, including a city hall, a zoölogical building called Audubon Hall, and a number of attractive cottages. Ownership in these is, of course, limited to the period of school residence; and, in order to insure an equitable basis of transfer and at the same time allow group as well as individual ownership of any particular cottage, a system of shareholding certificates has been devised, the certificates being transferable from one boy to another through the mediumship of "licensed" real estate agents.

The whole life of Cottage Row, in fact, is that of a well-ordered town, and is so arranged that all the boys, non-property-holders

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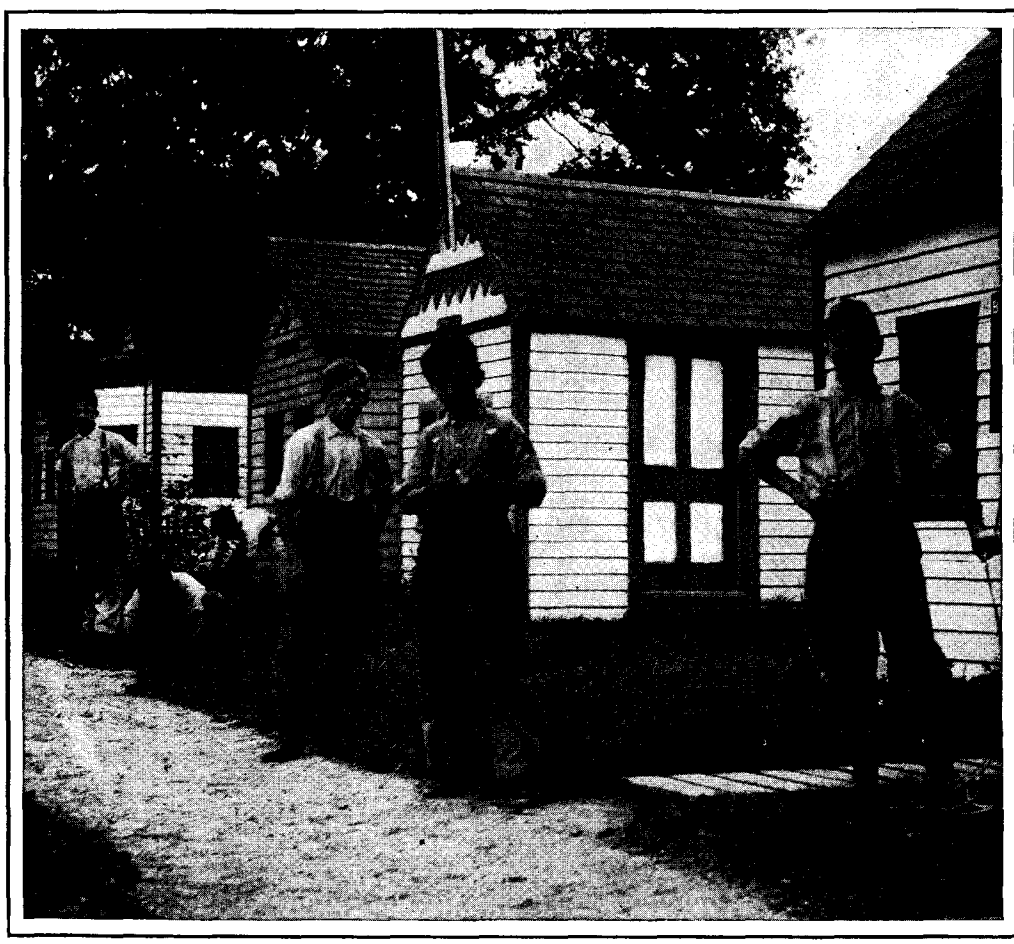
as well as property-holders, have a part in it. Every "citizen"—any boy who has been six months in the school is eligible for citizenship—pays a poll tax of three cents every three months; in addition to this, cottage-owners pay property taxes. Elections are held quarterly for mayor, judge, treasurer, assessor, and five aldermen, two of whom are elected by the non-property-holders. The mayor, with the approval of the aldermen, appoints a town clerk, a street commissioner, a janitor, a curator, a librarian, and a chief of police; and the police chief in his turn appoints patrolmen. All these functionaries, except the mayor and the judge, receive salaries. The charter further provides for the licensing, not only of real estate agents, but also of lawyers, builders, carpenters, glaziers, and painters. To guard against misconduct in office the citizens retain power of impeachment and removal by a majority vote.

Such, in rough outline, is the civic machinery. It works with remarkable smoothness, and with the result of affording the boy citizens practical training in the activities, responsibilities, and privileges of adult life. It affords, too, a powerful incentive to the development of the spirit of initiative and enterprise. Almost every boy, after he has been a short time in the school, becomes ambitious for part ownership in a cottage. To this end he is willing to make many sacrifices of his play time in earning the money necessary for the purchase of at least one share. Sometimes, as in the life of the outer world, he is not satisfied until he becomes a "big" property-holder.

Thus, among the new arrivals of the school a few years ago, was a youngster of twelve, an undisciplined, erratic boy, whose parents had found it impossible to get him to apply himself to his studies or anything else. From



THE FAMOUS COTTAGE ROW AND SOME OF ITS PROPERTY-OWNERS

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the first he showed an eager interest in the doings on Cottage Row, and as soon as he became eligible for citizenship contrived to get himself appointed to the irksome but remunerative post of town janitor. Saving every cent of his wages, and earning a little more by outside jobs, he invested all he had in one shareholding certificate.

These certificates vary in value according to the condition of the particular cottage to which they give title. The cottage in which this boy acquired part ownership was one of the poorest on the Row. As a shareholder, however, he had the privilege of personally making any improvements he saw fit, and he now proceeded to persuade his fellow-owners to join him in repainting and refurnishing the cottage. As a result the value of its certificates promptly shot up, whereupon he sold his share at a handsome profit. With this money he then bought two shares in another "run-down" cottage.

Again he did some repair work, and again sold out at an advance, to reinvest in other low-priced shares. Repeating this process persistently, he became, by the time of his graduation, almost the sole owner of the three best cottages "in town." It is not surprising to learn that he now doing well as a merchant in Cleveland, Ohio.

Also, it is worth adding that, even if his "money-grubbing" propensities were looked upon with profound contempt by most of his fellow-citizens, the energy and enterprise he displayed in attaining his "plutocratic" aim had a good effect on them. To-day nearly all the property-holders, whether or not they desire to traffic in shares, make it a point to keep their cottages in first-class condition, and are perpetually thinking up ways to improve their appearance both externally and internally. Externally, it is true, they cannot achieve much variety, as the building regulations require considerable uniformity of architecture. But they can and do develop a marked individuality of taste in interior furnishings and decorations, and so attractive are some of their Cottage Row homes that it is difficult to credit the planning and execution to the little lads who own them.

Displaying a keen sense of individual and communal pride in the maintenance of their houses and streets, the citizens of Cottage Row are even more sensitive regarding public order and morality. Incredible as it may seem, there seldom is a fight among the hundred boys who make up the school community. Differences between individuals are either settled amicably, or "lawyers" are retained and the case fought in "court." And if any boy's conduct is such as to reflect adversely on the morality of the town, he either is "indicted" and fined, or, if his offense be committed outside the jurisdiction of the court—which extends only to Cottage Row and the playground—he is reported to Mr. Bradley.

"This doesn't mean, though," the latter explained, "that there is indiscriminate and vindictive tale-bearing. The boys know it is of no use coming to me for redress of petty personal grievances. They realize that they must settle those among themselves. But they also realize that it is their duty, when their collective welfare and honor are involved under conditions which they cannot themselves correct, to report to me anything they find amiss.

"A few days ago, for instance, a most unusual thing occurred. Two boys who had only recently arrived decided to run away. Their plan was to swim across to Spectacles Island. On their way to the nearest point to Spectacles they were seen by another boy, who suspected they were up to some mischief. He at once ran back, reported to a Cottage Row patrolman, and the boys were pursued, arrested, and brought to me, as the only judge having adequate jurisdiction.

"In contrast, take another incident. It is a school rule that there is to be no ball-playing on Sundays. One Sunday four of the boys found a quiet spot and began throwing a baseball back and forth. A patrolman spied them, organized a raid, and arrested all four. Quite properly, however, this case was not considered one to be laid before me. Next night being 'court night,' the law-breakers were put on trial, pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of thirty-five cents apiece."

Not all defendants in "criminal" cases save trouble and lawyers' fees by frankly acknowledging wrong-doing. Some make a stubborn and occasionally most strategic fight. Not long ago several non-property-holders were indicted for trespassing on Cottage Row property. When "court" met, it was found that not a lawyer was available to prosecute them, as they had retained every lawyer "in town." In this dilemma the judge requested Mr. Bradley to act as prosecuting attorney.

As the defendants very well knew, Mr.

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Bradley, who holds the office of "justice of the Supreme Court," might afterward have to decide their cases on appeal, hence could not with propriety act both as prosecutor and as judge. But when he himself raised this objection, the court overruled it, on the ground that Mr. Bradley's associate justice, Captain Dix, the assistant superintendent of the school, had ample authority to review the case, if necessary. A jury forthwith was chosen and the trial went on according to strict legal procedure. Its outcome was the acquittal of all but two of the defendants.

Fines of seventy-five cents were imposed on these two boys. One paid his fine; the other, whose total capital at the time was less than a dollar and a half, announced that he would take the case to a higher court. He then, to Mr. Bradley's mingled astonishment and amusement, sought to engage the latter as his counsel before "Justice" Dix. Unabashed by a refusal, he declared that he would nevertheless win on appeal, as he had an unbeatable defense. He had discovered, it appeared, that he was indicted for trespassing on Cottage Row on Sunday morning. Actually his trespass had occurred Sunday afternoon. Therefore, he argued, the indictment was invalid.

Here was a Gordian knot, which Justice Dix, however, cut to the satisfaction of all concerned. He complimented the defendant for his discernment of the flaw in the indictment, but rebuked him for attempting to evade the consequences of an unlawful act by resort to a technicality. The judgment of the lower court was accordingly sustained; but, in recognition of the culprit's ingenuity, and as a warning to the "authorities" to frame their indictments more carefully, the fine was reduced from seventy-five to forty-five cents.

It is safe to say that, despite the partial victory won by the defendant, the disposition of this case profoundly impressed on the citizens of Cottage Row the unhealthiness of sharp practice. Their whole training, indeed, both in the work of the school and in their "civic" life, has developed in them a high standard of personal integrity. Not one of their cottages has a lock on it, yet no boy would think of stealing or disturbing another's belongings. Truth-telling is with most of them a matter of course. Yet they are far from being a community of mollycoddles. Their "league" games of baseball and football, so arranged as to permit participation by every boy in the school, are strenuously contested. And one has only to witness their annual "battle of the snow forts" on Washington's Birthday to appreciate that they are as vigorous physically as they are clean morally.

For the matter of that, no boy could go through the four years' school course without emerging strong in body and alert of mind unless he was hopelessly defective to begin with. For one thing, at least half of every school day is given to manual labor of some sort. Agriculture still being the basis of the school, every boy learns and carries on farm work under the supervision of an expert instructor. Sloyd is another compulsory subject, as is meteorology. One of the most interesting spots on the island is the weather station, operated by the boys themselves, and so well operated that it now is a regular station of the United States Weather Bureau. Necessarily the ordinary work of the school-room is also compulsory. In addition there are many elective courses, including printing, bookbinding, blacksmithing, engineering, forestry, public hygiene, boat building and handling, vocal and instrumental music, cabinet work, carpentry, painting, cobbling, office work, banking, baking, cooking, and laundrying.

This suggests that the Farm and Trades School is one of the busiest schools in America, and that the school hours are unusually long. And undeniably the daily regimen is what most parents and educators would consider "unduly severe."

The rising hour is a quarter to six, the "kitchen squad" getting up at five to help prepare breakfast. That meal is on the table at 6:30, and at seven the boys adjourn to the shops to work until nearly nine. Half their number then begin school-room work, the other half working on the farm and at special occupations. Dinner is at 11:30; from twelve to one the boys play, at one o'clock they go to sloyd or some other form of manual training, and at 2:30 those who have worked on the farm in the morning take their turn at school-room work, while the indoor contingent of the morning become outdoor workers. All schooling stops at five, supper is at 5:30, and "lights out" comes at 7:30 for all but the oldest boys, who may stay up until nine.

Except on Sundays, Saturday afternoons, and National or local holidays, this is the

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regular routine for forty-five weeks of the year. On the surface it seems an intolerable "grind." To the boys themselves it is anything but a grind. A happier, cheerier, and more amazingly efficient set of youngsters it would be hard to find anywhere. Undoubtedly part of their contentment is due to the Cottage Row feature of their existence, and the opportunities it gives for self-expression and self-development. In part, no doubt, they are contented because they are "learning by doing," and are guided by men and women who know how to keep them perpetually interested. But mostly, it seems to me, their contentment grows out of the fact that their individual aptitudes are carefully studied by Mr. Bradley and his assistants; that special tasks are found for each boy appropriate to his natural inclinations, and that implicit confidence is shown in his willingness and ability to "make good."

Also every boy knows that, just as in adult life, diligence and efficiency will bring to him concrete rewards. Mr. Bradley, with the hearty approval of the trustees of the school, maintains an elaborate system of payments and money prizes. At the same time, it goes without saying, he is ever on guard to prevent the money motive from becoming dominant in a boy's life. What he seeks to foster is not "acquisition" but "thrift." No boy, in fact, is permitted to have money about him. Everything he earns must be deposited in the town bank—which, like Cottage Row, is managed by the boys themselves—and any payments a boy makes must be by check against his account.

Still further fostering the spirit of thrift is the care taken to guard against waste of materials. One of the things first taught to a boy on arriving at the school is that everything, no matter how seemingly worthless, may be put to some good use. He is constantly given object-lessons in economy—as in the collection and preparation of driftwood for fuel, the utilization of seaweed as fertilizer, the saving of leaves for stable-bedding. In the sloyd-room, the printing-shop, the smithy—wherever he may work—he is systematically trained against extravagance, carelessness, wastefulness.

Always, too, he is trained to work for the common good as well as for his personal benefit. Perhaps as potent as anything in this respect, outside the self-training of Cottage Row, is a plan devised by Mr. Bradley for organizing the boys into companies of "inspectors" for the extermination of moths, flies, mosquitoes, and rats. The members of these "sanitary squads" are paid for their work, as are the bird inspectors, whose business it is to keep food in many bird shelters scattered over the hundred and fifty-seven acres of Thompson's Island. Almost invariably, however, it is found that the various inspectors will loyally co-operate in ridding the island of pests even when off duty and consequently not under pay. How firmly the ideal of social service and responsibility grips some of the boys may be seen from this letter by one youngster now in the school:

> On a Saturday afternoon recently, as we had nothing to do, another fellow and I went around the beach. We started on the east side of the island from in back of the power house, and went toward the south end. We noticed the different kinds of things which had drifted in with the tide. We turned all the tin cans and bottles upside down, so the mosquitoes will not have a chance to breed in them. We took our time, in order that we might observe more and have more pleasure out of the trip. After our return we made out a report of what we saw.

Occasionally, of course, a boy gains admission to the school who proves, or seems to prove, "thoroughly bad." Usually he is not long retained, as Mr. Bradley has a wholesome dread of psychic contagion. But sometimes, if he feels that the boy is more "misunderstood" than "wicked," he makes a determined effort to understand and adjust him—often with signal success. Typical in this connection is his experience with a twelve-year-old boy who came to the Farm and Trades School about the time Mr. Bradley took charge of it.

This boy had no known relatives—was, indeed, a foundling, who had been picked up in a basket on a Cambridge, Massachusetts, doorstep one winter night. He was a bright enough boy, but of a strangely mean and cruel disposition. The instructors reported to Mr. Bradley that he was forever fighting with the other boys, and had been caught in the barn jabbing oxen with a pitchfork. Watching this "impossible" lad for a few days, Mr. Bradley finally sent for him, and put the blunt question:

"You're a pretty bad boy, aren't you, William? Honestly, do you think you're fit to associate with the other boys?"

Naturally there was a sullen insistence that

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Cottage Row Government

BY HIS HONOR

BENJAMIN L. MURPHY

MAYOR

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE

It is the custom of our Cottage Row Government to set apart a day of each year to be observed by the citizens in thanking God for the blessings he has bestowed upon us.

On that day all should join in praising God for the blessings and conditions that surround us here at the School; the good the Managers have done and always strive to do for us; for the good health which we have; also for the abundance of products from the harvest fields, and the good that our citizens receive from Cottage Row Government, and to strive to do the best we can.

Therefore I, Benjamin L. Murphy, Mayor of Cottage Row, with the advice and consent of the Board of Aldermen, set apart Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty for the blessings that he bestows upon us.

Given at The Farm and Trade School this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, the one hundredth year of the School and the twenty-sixth year of Cottage Row Government.

BENJAMIN L. MURPHY.

By His Honor, the Mayor of Cottage Row, with the advice and consent of the Board of Aldermen.

ERNEST E. SLOCOMB,
CLERK.

God Save the Government of Cottage Row

A THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION ISSUED BY THE COTTAGE ROW MUNICIPALITY

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he was "good enough." But Mr. Bradley went on:

"You've got to prove to me that you are. Meantime you'll have to live by yourself and make yourself useful. The farmer needs help taking care of the stock, and I believe you can do exactly what he wants. If you wish, you may take a couple of rabbits down to the farm-house as pets. Only be sure you don't torment them or any other animal. If you do, out you'll go. But I guess I can trust you. Show me that I've guessed right."

A week later the school farmer reported that he could not ask for a more faithful and intelligent assistant. The responsibility suddenly thrown on the boy and the confidence expressed seemed to have changed his whole nature. In the years that he remained at the school he became an expert in judging and handling live stock, and on graduation went to work for a Vermont farmer, eventually leaving him to become the live stock purchasing agent for a large Boston estate. In this position he established a reputation for unfailing loyalty and honesty; and in addition won the lasting gratitude of his employer by saving the latter's wife from death in a runaway accident.

I am reminded of the opinion regarding the Thompson's Island Farm and Trades School expressed not long ago by Bishop William Lawrence, of Massachusetts:

"Thompson's Island, situated between the horizon and a great city, is in a position best adapted for the development of a healthy body and a healthy mind. Looking toward the ocean, its boys cannot but catch a bit of the enterprise, individualism, and courage which are the association of the sea, and at the same time they have the consciousness of a great city. The boy here gains the right attitude toward life.

"The boy in the 'best' school with the most expensive tuition is unable to do chores; and the boy or the man who has not the capacity of doing chores, of adapting himself to the conditions of taking up a saw or a hammer, or of handling a plow, or of knowing something of birds and butterflies and trees, is a boy who is only one-third trained.

"At Thompson's Island a boy has all his muscles developed, and he becomes an American boy with the capacity of standing on his feet—a boy who can be kicked out West and can make his way because he was trained to make his way. I commend Thompson's Island, not only for the education of its boys, but for the education of its patrons."

This school, in truth, is justified by its results. Since its establishment on its island home more than two thousand boys have been graduated from it. Of this large number only three, so far as the school authorities have been able to ascertain, have "gone wrong" to the extent of earning a prison sentence; and one of the three, after "serving time," vindicated the school's methods by becoming a reputable and successful business man. It is decidedly worth mention that, despite the special training in agriculture and craftsmanship, commercial activities of some sort have given occupation to a large proportion of its graduates. Law, literature, art, and music have claimed others. The school band has always had at least one representative among the members of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, and one of the Thompson's Island graduates, Mr. H. E. Brenton, is now President of the Boston Musicians' Association. Another graduate, Mr. Charles Evans, of Chicago, has for years been engaged on a monumental literary work now in course of publication, a "Bibliography of American Literature."

In short, studying the records of graduate accomplishment, it becomes certain that the education given on Thompson's Island provides a substantial foundation for later achievement in any field. Its boys, whether they go immediately into wage-earning occupations or continue their studies in high school and college, take with them exactly the qualities that make for success—physical strength, mental elasticity, energy, industry, broad sympathies, keenness in observation, self-confidence, self-respect, and honesty. They take with them also a keen religious sense, for the superintendent of the school and his devoted wife, who have given their lives to this work of man-making, are "old-fashioned" enough to believe that no boy is really educated unless he is taught to have faith in God as well as in his fellow-men.

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER XIX

A RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION

THE view of the Bible held by a large school of theologians in the early part of the nineteenth century may be defined as follows: The Bible was dictated by God to amanuenses; it is wholly free from error; if in our version there are errors, they are due to copyists or translators; the inspiration is verbal, for there can be no inspiration of ideas or sentiments except by means of words; "as for thoughts being inspired apart from the words which give them expression, you might as well talk of a tune without notes or a sum without figures;" it is not only the infallible word of God, it is his final word and there can be no further revelation; the Bible is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

This view of the Bible as "the very Word of God, and consequently without error," though affirmed by a unanimous vote of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1893, was not, I think, current in the Congregational churches of New England. I do not know that I ever regarded the Bible as an authority on scientific questions, such as the geological processes of creation, or the antiquity of man; but when I entered the ministry in 1860 I still held that it was an "authoritative and infallible rule of religious faith and practice," and so stated to the Council in Farmington which ordained me to the ministry. But the moral problems which this view of the Bible involves puzzled me increasingly. How was I to understand and interpret such passages as the miscalled sacrifice of Isaac, God's hardening of Pharaoh's heart, the massacres of the Canaanites, Elisha's cursing of the insulting boys, the imprecatory psalms? What answer should I make to the Biblical arguments for slavery and polygamy? Some of the answers of the commentators were satisfactory. I eagerly accepted Lange's interpretation of the miscalled "sacrifice of Isaac," whose sacrifice was prevented by the divine command—an incident which put an end forever to human sacrifice in the Old Testament religion. I could see that, whatever hardening Pharaoh's heart meant, it did not mean encouraging him to resist either conscience or compassion, for there was no indication that either conscience or compassion had the slightest influence over him. I could accept Christ's interpretation of the permission of polygamy as a statesman's concession to the passions and prejudices of a primitive people, and could apply the same principle to the permission but curtailment and regulation of slavery. But the doctrine that in the wholesale massacre of the Canaanites Israel was acting as the executive of a divine judgment pronounced against a hopelessly corrupt people, that Elisha's curse pronounced upon the insulting boys was a divine sentence upon "wild and blasphemous and contemptuous youths," and that the imprecatory psalms were the expression of a divine wrath against the enemies of the Lord, did not satisfy me, and upon these and kindred moral difficulties I held my judgment in abeyance.

But these perplexities furnished no reason for discarding a book which in spiritual power had no parallel in any literature with which I had any acquaintance. Nowhere did I find any such brief and comprehensive summary of all moral obligations as in the Ten Commandments; nowhere such a hymn of praise to the Creator as in the First Chapter of Genesis; nowhere such a parable of human frailty and folly as in its Third Chapter; nowhere such a vision of God in nature as in the One Hundred and Fourth Psalm; nowhere such a vision of God in human experience as in the One Hundred and Third Psalm; nowhere such a confidence in God's forgiving love as in the Fifty-fifth Chapter of Isaiah.

I continued to read and re-read these and similar passages in the Bible which gave me an inspiring fellowship with men of vision, and I left the others unread or studied them as problems. I had thought that I must have some ethical standard by which to judge my own spiritual instincts; in fact, without knowing it, I was using my own spiritual instincts to judge the ethical standard.

Meanwhile I had become convinced that the real issue before the American people was not one between theological theories of

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inspiration, Trinity, atonement, miracles, or any other, but between materialism and the life of the spirit: the fundamental question whether there is any life that is intangible, inaudible, invisible, which is operative upon us, of which we can have knowledge and concerning which we can form judgment, or whether all our knowledge is dependent on the conclusions which we can draw from the world that is tangible, audible, visible.

Materialism was a much more popular doctrine then than now. I studied Forbes Winslow, Sir Henry Maudsley, and, in translation, Büchner, and I rebelled against their bloodless teaching. I read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and it convinced me that all that science could possibly do was to show us a probable God and a probable immortality, if it could do so much as that. Joseph Cook, who was a great figure in the religious world in the years 1874–80, though forgotten now, was listened to by crowds in Tremont Temple while he endeavored to furnish a scientific demonstration of the truths of religion. I procured his volumes as they were published and read them with care, and what seemed to me his failures confirmed me in the conclusion to which Herbert Spencer compelled me—that I must choose between agnosticism and spiritual faith; that if I was to retain any really forceful belief in God and immortality, or even in practical morality, I must believe in the trustworthiness of spiritual experience. I had made the life of Jesus of Nazareth the principal object of my study for five or six years, secured for that study all the helps I could find, from the skeptical Strauss to the churchly and scholarly Ellicott, and the result was that Jesus Christ had become, not only my model and my master, but the supreme object of my reverence. My faith in him and my faith in the men and women whom I loved and admired compelled in me faith in the spiritual life. Whether the Bible was infallible or not, whether the theological doctrines of the Church of my fathers were true or not, of one thing I was as sure as I was of my own existence: that there is a real and trustworthy experience of repentance for sin, divine forgiveness and resultant peace, consecration to duty and communion with an Invisible Companion. I had come to this assurance through my study of the life and character of Jesus Christ, and to give that assurance to others was with me an increasing passion.

Such was, as I now picture it to myself, my state of mind when, in 1876, I joined Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union."

About this time I was asked to preach at Vassar College. It was, I believe, my first important pulpit engagement since settling in Cornwall. With some hesitation I resolved, in preparing and preaching this sermon, to pursue the course which I had been pursuing in my Cornwall ministry—to take with me no written essay, but to go up to the college in time to study my congregation, and let that study determine for me what my message should be. I found opportunity on Saturday evening to have some conversation with teachers, and I believe also with students, and found reason to think that the processes of education were awakening, as they often do, a spirit of inquiry, if not of skepticism, respecting spiritual truth. I chose for my text, "The foundation of God standeth sure;" and for my theme, that the foundation of spiritual faith is neither in the Church nor in the Bible, but in the spiritual consciousness of man; that there are two worlds in which we live, a visible and an invisible; that our knowledge of the visible world is derived through our senses, that our knowledge of the invisible world is derived through our experiences. "You ask me," I said, "How do you know God? I answer by asking you, How do you know your mother? You have seen her? I beg your pardon. You never saw your mother. You have seen her face and her form, but you have not seen her courage, her fidelity, her patience, her love, her self-sacrifice; and these are what make your mother." Disregarding the scientific arguments for Christian truth, I appealed directly to human experience and sought to find evidences for Christianity in the hearts and consciences of my hearers. One little incident indicated that this appeal at least compelled attention. A student in the pew almost in front of me when I rose to speak opened a book, laid it quietly at her side, and began to read. If she had done this after I had spoken for three or four minutes, I should have been embarrassed; but it seemed to me that she had not given me a fair chance, and I resolved to see if I could compel her attention. I threw out some sentence indicating that there was nothing wrong in doubting. She looked up from her book surprised, then turned back to it again. I tried another sentence of similar character. She looked up at me again. In two minutes she had closed

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her book, and I had no more attentive auditor throughout the rest of the sermon. I do not know her name, but if she should ever read this chapter I wish she would accept my belated thanks for the service which she unconsciously rendered me in teaching me that inattention should simply spur the speaker to more vigorous effort.

The line of argument which I took in this sermon I afterwards employed in a series of religious lectures delivered at Wellesley College and subsequently published under the title "In Aid of Faith," a series in which I brought all the fundamental doctrines of evangelical faith to the test of life, endeavoring to state them in the terms of spiritual experience. From that time to this I have consistently held that, as the intellectual judgment is the final arbiter in science, so the spiritual consciousness is the final arbiter in religion. But no individual may take his own consciousness as an ultimate authority in religion, as no man takes his own observation and his conclusions thereon as an ultimate authority in science. He must reach the truth in the one case by a careful study of the observations and conclusions of scientifically minded men; in the other by a not less careful study of the spiritual experiences of spiritually minded men. The Bible and the Church are valuable to him as guides because they are the expressions of this spiritual consciousness, but they can never serve as substitutes.

In reaching this conclusion I had merely imbibed the growing spirit of the time. In dealing with this opinion traditionalism adopted its customary method; it was not content with argument, it attempted prohibition.

The Union Theological Seminary of New York City was Presbyterian in its doctrine, but not under the control of the Presbyterian Church. It derived its title "Union" from its mediating spirit and comprehensive aim. Both the Old School and the New School theology were represented in its teaching.[1] Dr. Shedd held to the old Calvinism—that the whole human race was in Adam, as the oak is in the acorn, fell with him in his great transgression, and lost the freedom of the will with which it was at first endowed, but did not thereby lose its moral responsibility. Dr. Hitchcock denied the moral responsibility of the race for Adam's sin, and to him was attributed the *bon mot*, "Adam did not represent me, for I never voted for him." Charles A. Briggs was the Professor of Hebrew in this seminary. He was one of the foremost Hebrew and Bible scholars in the English-speaking world, and was a recognized authority in Confessional literature—that is, in the literature which deals with the historical meaning of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. It was one of his serious offenses that he knew both his Hebrew Bible and his Westminster Confession much better than most of his accusers; and he knew it, and they knew that he knew it. In 1890 he was elected to the chair of Biblical Theology in Union Theological Seminary, and in his inaugural address (in 1891) laid down the principle that God alone is the final authority; that he speaks through reason, the Church, and the Bible, and that all three are to be consulted in the endeavor to come to right conclusions respecting his will. This putting of reason, the Church, and the Bible on approximately an equality, with a practical recognition of the truth that there are errors in all three, was in the sight of the traditionalists in the Church a capital offense, and he was put on trial for heresy. This trial resulted in his suspension from the ministry by the General Assembly in 1893. But the Assembly had no power to dismiss him from his chair in Union Seminary, and, though in 1897 he joined the Episcopal communion, he continued to teach in the Seminary until the day of his death.

As might have been foreseen, this trial, instead of putting an end to the agitation concerning the authority of the Bible, immensely increased it. The love of combat seems to be almost universal, though pacifists like to see their prize fights waged with intellectual weapons. The daily newspapers took up the Briggs case and advertised far and wide the dispute between the doctors of theology respecting the relative authority of reason, Church, and Bible. Men and women who cared very little about the merits of the question watched with eager interest the sword-play between such adepts in theological controversy as Dr. Briggs, of Union, and Dr. Patton, of Princeton. So great was the public curiosity to learn what was this new view of the Bible that in the winter of 1896–7 I delivered a course of lectures on Sunday evenings in Plymouth Church upon the subject, repeated the following year in the Lowell Institute of Boston, both series of lectures being attended by crowds which

[1] "Union" has now taken on a new significance. Various evangelical denominations are represented not only among its students but in its Faculty. It might without impropriety be termed a Theological University.

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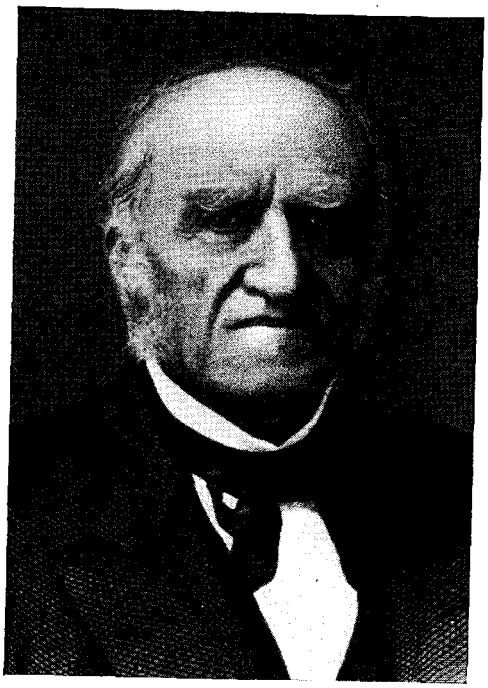
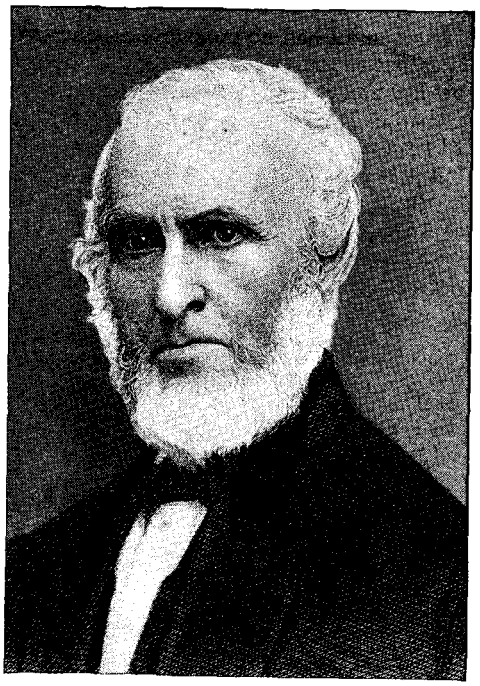


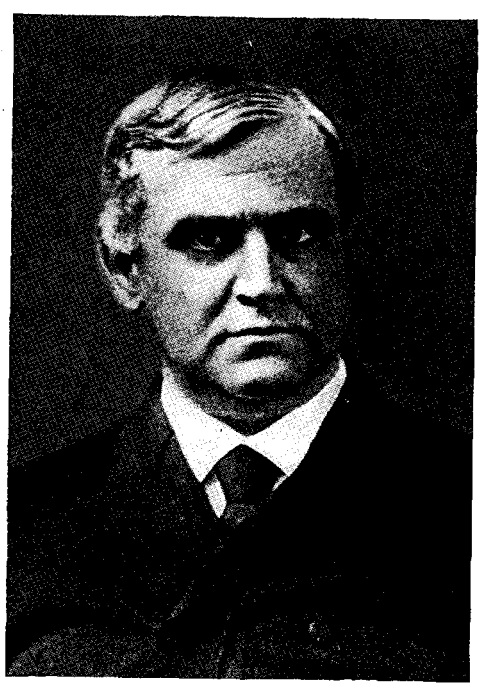
MARK HOPKINS

"The famous President of Williams College"



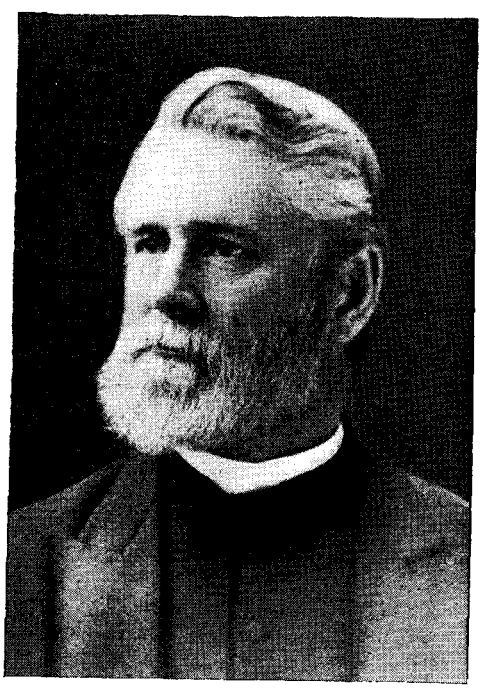
JOHN G. WHITTIER

"Whose religious poetry is luminous with the Inner Light in which he so devoutly trusted"



PHILLIPS BROOKS

"Whose personality, more than his winged words, made him the *most prophetic preacher* of his time"



CHARLES A. BRIGGS

He "laid down the principle that God alone is the final authority; that he speaks through reason, Church, and Bible"

SOME LEADERS IN THE CHANGE FROM TRADITIONALISM

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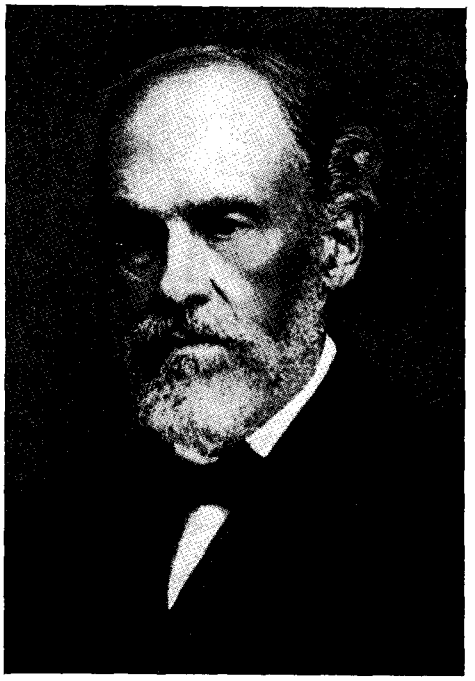
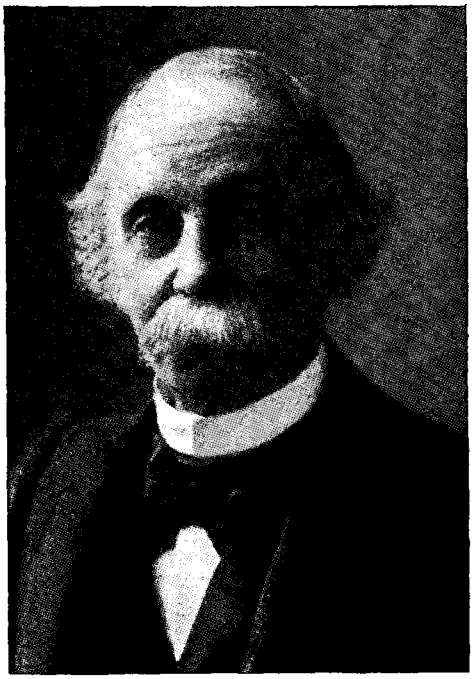
ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

"I have never known any person who possessed a more persuasive personality"



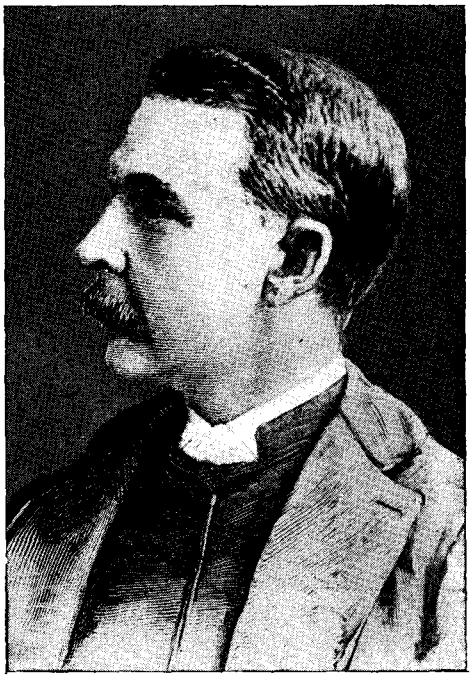
WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE

"Whose 'Christian Theology' is the most religious book on systematic theology I have ever read"



THEODORE T. MUNGER

"The perfection of whose style . . . has made his writings the more effective because they were never controversial"



CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL

He "treated heathenism as a stage of spiritual development in a people seeking after God"

TO "ORIGINAL AND PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY"

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filled the building in each case to its utmost capacity.[1] A little incident connected with the Brooklyn series illustrated how hopeless it is in America to prevent the spread of an opinion by ecclesiastical decrees concerning it. Some time after Dr. Briggs was condemned by the General Assembly I was on my way to my home in Brooklyn one afternoon when a Negro working in the yard of one of my neighbors made as if he wished to ask me a question, and the following conversation ensued:

Inquirer. They say, sir, that you say there were two Isaiahs. Did you, sir?

L. A. Yes. Do you remember Isaiah's saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people. . . . Cry unto her, . . . that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins"?

Inquirer. Yes, sir.

L. A. And do you think it probable that he would have said that to Israel at the same time that he called them a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, rulers of Sodom, and a people of Gomorrah?

Inquirer. No, sir.

L. A. Nor do I think so. I think the first Isaiah warned Israel of the condemnation that was coming upon them because of their sins; and the second Isaiah, seventy years later, after they had paid the penalty of their sins by their long and dreary captivity, brought to them the message of pardon.

Inquirer. Yes, sir; I see, sir.

I passed on; but this brief incident furnished an added evidence that the common people can understand the essential principles of the higher criticism if it is explained in simple language, that they are interested in it, and that their interest cannot be extinguished by the decree of a General Assembly.

A similar attempt to prevent discussion in the Episcopal Church produced a similar result. Two, perhaps three, clergymen were unfrocked for publicly denying the miraculous birth of Jesus. The first of these trials impelled me to a fresh study of the question. The result was the discovery that the story of the miraculous birth appears only in two of the Gospels; is never referred to by Jesus Christ, nor by the Apostles in their apostolic preaching, nor in any of the Epistles; whereas the resurrection of Jesus is narrated in all four of the Gospels, is foretold by Jesus, is made the basis of the apostolic preaching, and is woven into the fabric of the apostolic letters. The story of the miraculous birth could be dropped from the Gospels and the Gospels would remain intact. The story of the resurrection could not be taken away without making great gaps in the Gospels the Book of Acts, and the Epistles. It was evident, therefore, to me, that the two events had not in the faith of the primitive Church the same importance, and that, historical or not, the story of the miraculous birth is no essential part of the Gospel. The only result of the agitation of this subject produced by the trials for heresy in the Episcopal Church is that men of mystical temper are inclined to accept the narrative, men of scientific temper are inclined to reject it, and men of temper like my own, in which the mystical and the scientific combine, are inclined to leave the question undetermined as of no serious importance.

Meanwhile Darwin's volume "The Descent of Man," published in 1871, had put before the world his conclusion that man is descended, or, as I prefer to say, ascended, from a prior animal race—a conclusion fatal to the theological doctrine of the fall, and involving not only the origin of the race and the scientific accuracy of the Bible, but the origin, reality, and nature of sin and of its cure.

The current theory which had been almost universally accepted in the Church for centuries, except in some minor details, may be briefly stated thus: God made man about six thousand years ago; made him innocent and virtuous. Man broke God's law, and, as a result, his descendants inherited a depraved nature—that is, a tendency to sin. The world was therefore a kind of vast reformatory, populated solely by men and women possessed by evil predispositions. To suffer the penalty of their sins and make pardon and a mended career possible Jesus Christ had come into the world.

If there had been no fall, if there was no inherited depravity, if the world was not a reformatory, what became of this whole system of evangelical doctrine? And what became of the human experience of which that doctrine was an intellectual expression? Was sin only an imperfect development? Was there no essential difference between the rawness of a growing boy and the deliberate wickedness of a hardened criminal? Was there no common inheritance of guilt which united humanity under a common condemnation?

[1] They were subsequently made the basis of a volume, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, entitled "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews."

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Was literature, as well as theology, all awry? Was there no truth in Hawthorne's affirmation: "It is a terrible thought that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us—who dreamed only of our own little separate sin—makes us guilty of the whole"? And was there no forgiveness of sins? No remission of penalty and no substitute for penalty? No recuperation and no world disease which called eloquently for world recuperation? Was there, in short, no sin but immaturity, and no redemption but development? There are those who will read these questions thus naïvely confessed with an amused sense of intellectual superiority. But they are questions which in the decade following the publication of "The Descent of Man" Christian teachers everywhere were asking themselves and each other with great concern, and that concern I shared with them. There are many who are still asking these questions, having found to them no answer.

I believe that I am open-minded; my critics would say, too open-minded. There is no theory which concerns the well-being of humanity which I am not willing to investigate. When I was in college, a peripatetic lecturer obtained the use of one of our college rooms to give a lecture to prove that there was no such force in nature as gravitation. I was one of the students who went to hear him. The same spirit of curiosity has led me to read all sorts of teachers, from Mrs. Eddy to Herbert Spencer. The doctrine of evolution, as expounded by Darwin, I found accepted by a steadily increasing number of scientific men. I recognized that they were as honest as I, as eager to learn the truth, and much more intelligent than I was upon all scientific subjects. I set myself to the task of getting a sympathetic acquaintance with their point of view and seeing what was its bearing on Christian faith. For the latter purpose I went back of the Christian creeds to the Bible, on which those creeds were supposed to be founded. And I discovered, to my surprise, that, whether true or not, the doctrine of the fall had no such importance in the Bible as had been given to it in the theologies of the Church. It is mentioned in the third chapter of Genesis, and not again referred to in the Old Testament. Neither historian, poet, philosopher, nor prophet refers to it, unless such a general statement as, "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions," can be regarded as such a reference. Jesus never alludes to the fall; nor the Apostles in their apostolic preaching, nor John in his Epistles. Paul refers to it, but only incidentally and parenthetically. In the one chapter which gives with some fullness his interpretation of sin—the Seventh Chapter of Romans—he treats temptation as a struggle between the flesh and the spirit, and sin as a victory of the flesh over the spirit; a portrayal which accords with and is effectively interpreted by the evolutionary doctrine that man is gradually emerging from an animal nature into a spiritual manhood.

I was not long in coming to the conclusion that animal man was developed from a lower order of creation. This was the view of the scientific experts, and on questions on which I have no first-hand knowledge I accept the conclusions of those who have. Such scientific objections as the failure to discover a "missing link" I left the scientists to wrestle with. The objection that evolution could not be reconciled with Genesis gave me no concern, for I had long before decided that the Bible is no authority on scientific questions. To the sneer, "So you think your ancestor was a monkey, do you?" I replied, "I would as soon have a monkey as a mud man for an ancestor." This sentence, first uttered, I believe, in a Commencement address before the Northwestern University in Chicago, brought upon me an avalanche of condemnation—but no reply. In truth, no reply was possible. For the question whether God made the animal man by a mechanical process in an hour or by a process of growth continuing through centuries is quite immaterial to one who believes that into man God breathes a divine life. For a considerable time I held that this inbreathing was a new and creative act. Darwin's "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" did nothing to convince me that spiritual man is a development from unspiritual qualities. Drummond's "Ascent of Man," with its emphasis on struggle for others as a factor in spiritual development, a factor of which Darwin took little or no account, led me to see that such a spiritual development is at least quite probable, and, without being dogmatic on that point, I became a radical evolutionist; by which I mean I accepted to the full John Fiske's aphorism: "Evolution is God's way of doing things."

This doctrine of evolution not only tallied with the conclusions I had previously reached respecting the authority of the Bible, but

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clarified them. If evolution is God's way of doing other things, why not God's way of giving to mankind a revelation of himself and his will?

In a lecture delivered at a Sunday-school convention at Chautauqua in 1876 I had told the Sunday-school teachers that the Bible is not a book but a library; that its formation took over a thousand years; that the books of which it is composed were written in different languages, by men of different temperaments, without conscious co-operation, living centuries apart; and that in studying and teaching it they must take account of the time in which, the people to which, and the temperament of the men by whom each book or teaching was uttered. My legal and historical studies had further prepared me for the view of the Bible which now modern scholarship generally accepts. I had learned from my historical studies that history is always composed of pre-existing materials, and that these materials are often woven by the writer into his narrative. It was not unnatural to suppose that the Bible histories were composed in the same manner, and that there were incorporated in them, along with documents and well-attested legends, some popular tales and current folk-lore. I had learned from Sir Henry Maine that the origin of law is general custom; that custom is formulated in specific decrees, imperial or legislative; then these decrees are organized into a code. My brother Austin, who was an eminent lawyer and also a successful Bible-class teacher, told me that any lawyer reading the Book of Leviticus would not hesitate to declare that its directions were regulative, not mandatory—that is, they did not command the people to offer sacrifices, but were given to a people who were already offering sacrifices, to define for them the method which they should pursue. Thus I was prepared to trace the development of the sacrificial system of Israel from its germ to its consummation: the germ, the direction given in connection with the Ten Commandments—"An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, . . . and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone"—a command which reduced ritual to the simplest possible elements; its consummation, the elaborate Levitical code with its provision for temple, Holy of Holies, elaborate sacrificial ritual—a code perfected by the priesthood six or seven centuries later, upon the return of Israel from the exile in Babylon. And I came, though only after several years of study, to my present understanding of the Bible: that it is not a book, fallible or infallible, *about* religion; it is a literature full *of* religion—that is, of the gradually developed experiences of men who had some perception of the Infinite in nature and in human life, which they recorded for the benefit of their own and subsequent times. And it is valuable, not because it is a substitute for a living experience of a living God, but because it inspires us to look for our experience of God in our own times and in our own souls. And this conclusion, to which I had been brought by my studies, was confirmed by such scholarly theologians as Dr. Samuel Harris, of Yale University, "Both the revelation itself and man's apprehension of the God revealed must be progressive, and, at any point of time, incomplete;" and Dr. William Newton Clarke, of Colgate University, "Revelation was by necessity progressive, as all educational processes must be." This doctrine of revelation at once answered the moral objections to the Bible which had perplexed me. If revelation is incomplete and progressive, it is easy to understand why Joshua should have thought Jehovah so righteous a God that he could not forgive sin, and Isaiah centuries after should have thought that he was so righteous a Father that he could and would forgive his children if they sincerely repented.

The doctrine that growth, not manufacture, is God's way of doing things changed also my conception of God, of creation, of Jesus Christ, and of the Gospel. The picture of a King on a great white throne, into whose presence I should come by and by when this earthly life is over, disappeared, and in its place came the realization of a Universal Presence, animating all nature as my spirit animates my body, and inspiring all life as a father inspires his children or a teacher his pupils. My little grandchild sat next me at the table one day, and said to me, "Grandpapa, how can God be in Cornwall and in Newburgh at the same time?" I touched him on the forehead and said, "Are you there?" "Yes." I touched him on the shoulder, "Are you there?" "Yes." I touched him on the knee, "Are you there?" "Yes." "That is the way," I replied, "that God can be in Cornwall and in Newburgh at the same time." He considered a moment, and shyly smiled his assent, and I think had really got an idea of the Universal Presence.

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As I no longer looked up to an imaginary heaven for an imaginary God, so I no longer looked back to a creation completed in six days or six geological epochs. I saw in creation, as later expressed to me by a friend, "a process, not a product." Every day is a creative day. Every new flower that blooms is a new creation. Nor did I any longer look back over an intervening epoch of eighteen centuries for a revelation of God either in history or in human experience. I saw him in modern as truly as in ancient history, in the life of America as truly as in the life of Israel. I saw him in the "Eternal Goodness" of Whittier as truly as in the One Hundred and Third Psalm; in the mother teaching her child as truly as in Isaiah teaching a nation. And when I was asked what difference I thought there was between inspiration to-day and inspiration in Bible times, I replied that I could not answer. As I neither knew how God spoke to Abraham nor how he spoke to Phillips Brooks, I could not tell wherein was the difference between the two, or whether there was any difference.

My grandchild seemed easily to understand me, but when I attempted to set forth this faith in the Eternal Presence to older hearers I found myself subjected to every kind of misapprehension and criticism. Of these the most serious, and one which, to judge from letters and newspaper reports showered upon me from all over the country, created something of a sensation, was the following:

On this conception of God as the Universal Presence I had preached a sermon at Wellesley College, where it was gratefully received; I had preached it at the Congregational Council at Des Moines, Iowa, where it was reported with few comments, and those favorable. I repeated it in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, with a different result. I say I repeated it; but the reader must remember that I always spoke extemporaneously, so that the same sermon was never exactly the same on any two occasions. In this sermon I said that I no longer believed in a Great First Cause who centuries ago created certain secondary causes and left them to carry on the operations of nature, with such occasional intervention from him as might be necessary; I believed in One Great Cause from whom all forms of nature and of life continuously proceeded. A reporter, who either caught the first part of this sentence and carelessly lost the last part, or who deliberately mutilated my utterance to make a sensation, reported me as saying that I no longer believed in a Great First Cause. As a result Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook and pastor of Plymouth Church, was reported throughout the country, often with display headlines, as having declared himself an atheist. One enterprising book canvasser called on me to sell me a complete set of Robert Ingersoll's books, which he knew I should want, now that I had declared myself Ingersoll's disciple. Of course a procession of interviewers, in person and by letter, applied to me for an explanation, which, of course, I gave. As soon as I could easily do so I printed the sermon in The Outlook; it was republished in book form. The excitement died down; some of the papers corrected the report directly, others did so indirectly in their review of the book; and the chief effect of the sensation was that for a week a considerable degree of public attention was directed to the question, How are we to think of God?—an effect wholly good. For the greatest foe to spiritual religion is neither heresy nor skepticism, but thoughtless indifference.

One other important, though less revolutionary, change in the religious life was partly due to this growing belief in evolution as God's way of doing things.

In my boyhood sudden conversion was regarded, not only as possible, but as desirable. He who had wallowed through the slough of despond and could give the day and hour when he entered the wicket gate was thought to have the most satisfactory experience. I waited for eight or ten years for such an experience, and finally entered the church without it. My wife's admission to the church was questioned—I have an impression, delayed—because she had no definite experience of conversion which she could describe. In a Baptist church in England over one of the pews is a tablet saying that in that pew Spurgeon was converted, and giving the date of the conversion. Religious campaigns were carried on, called revivals, for the purpose of stimulating such an experience, and such revivals were greatly desired, and sometimes by mechanical methods attempted. It was one cause of my discouragement in Terre Haute that the church experienced no revival during my pastorate. Sermons on Paul's dramatic conversion were frequently preached in the churches, but I doubt whether sermon literature contains a sermon on the conversion of John. I never heard of one on the experience of John the Baptist, of whom it is

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said that he was filled with the Holy Spirit from his mother's womb.

There are still sudden conversions, but they are looked upon with suspicion rather than with admiration. There are still revivals, but their evils are frankly recognized. As I am writing this chapter William A. Sunday is conducting in different parts of the country such a campaign, and with the approval of the churches. I rather think the net result is an ethical and spiritual benefit to the community; but the opinion of the churches and the ministers is by no means unanimous upon that question. The majority of additions to the churches in our time come from the Sunday-school. Students of church life report that the greater number of additions are from young people under twenty-one years of age. Several causes have contributed to this change. One has been the unconscious influence of the Episcopal Church, which never emphasized what the Puritan churches called "religious experiences." Another has been the epoch-making book by Horace Bushnell entitled "Christian Nurture," vigorously assailed at the time because it seemed to his critics to substitute a natural for a supernatural process in spiritual experience. But more important than either has been the gradual adoption by the Church of the doctrine of evolution in its application to the spiritual life—the doctrine that in the sympathetic influence of the Christian home and the Christian community the child should grow into a Christian experience as naturally as into intelligent scholarship or loyal citizenship.

I have described this change in my faith at some length because I believe that it is typical of a change which has taken place in the theological beliefs and religious experiences of many thousands during the last half-century. I now turn to another change, scarcely less radical, in the religious life of America during the past half-century—a change produced by the democratic movement of the time.

While science was thus revolutionizing the intellectual beliefs of the Church, the democratic movement was revolutionizing its spirit and purpose.

There lies before me a number of an English monthly magazine entitled "Scripture Truth," dated October, 1914, the organ apparently of a Second Adventist school. From it I quote the following paragraph:

"Now," said I to the young man, "you confess that you are a sinner, but you do not acknowledge that in you there is absolutely no good thing?" He was not prepared to go so far as to admit that; and though I tried to get him to see it and confess it, he would not; and after some time he got up rather impatiently and went away.

This quite accurately represents the growing attitude of educated young men and women in the time of my youth. They were beginning impatiently to go away from churches which demanded their assent to this doctrine of total depravity. It was still in the creeds of the churches and occasionally preached by ministers whose devotion to orthodoxy exceeded their tact. I remember one case where a clergyman hopelessly alienated a young mother by taking the occasion of the christening of her first child to preach this doctrine that by nature "we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil."

The half-hearted apologies for this doctrine in the pulpit could accomplish nothing in a community the institutions of which, judicial, commercial, political, were all based on the assumption that men are normally disposed to good. Questions of right arising between citizens or between the State and a person accused of crime were intrusted to a jury chosen at haphazard from the town, on the assumption that they would be disposed to deal justly; and their verdict was based on the testimony of witnesses on the assumption that most men are disposed to tell the truth. The business of the community, from the sale of groceries by the village store to transactions running up into hundreds of thousands of dollars, was carried on upon a credit system which assumed that most men are disposed to deal honestly. And the gravest questions of public policy in town, State, and Nation, often involving perplexing problems of right and wrong, were submitted to the suffrages of the citizens, on the assumption that, in spite of prejudices and passions, they would, in the main, be disposed to see the truth and act in accordance with it. Theology said, You cannot trust men, they are wholly disposed to evil; political and commercial life said, You can trust men, they are generally disposed to truth, honesty, and justice. And life proved more than a match for theology.

With this change came inevitably a change in the popular understanding of the nature and causes of crime and the nature and function of punishment. In the Middle Ages it

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was assumed that the criminal was "utterly inclined to all evil," and that society could be protected from him only by the deterrent power of fear. He had done society a wrong; society must make him suffer for it. This would deter him, and the sight of his suffering would deter others from doing future wrong to society. This was the argument which justified the cruel punishments of that age; the motive that inspired them was the spirit of revenge. It was euphoniously termed "vindictive justice."

The new penology treats crime as a disease to be cured rather than as a wickedness to be punished, and it employs punishment directly as a means for the cure of the criminal-patient, indirectly as a cure of the criminal class to which he belongs. For a sentence inflicting a punishment supposedly fitted to the injury done by the criminal it substitutes the indeterminate sentence—the criminal is sent to the reformatory, as the lunatic is sent to the asylum, to be kept in restraint until cured. He is cured when he has acquired the ability to maintain himself by honest industry and a resolute will to do so. For the deterrent power of fear as a means of protecting society is substituted the inspiring power of hope and love, an administration of moral cure for an administration of vindictive justice.

This inadequate definition of the new penology must suffice for my purpose here, which is only to indicate its effect on orthodox theology. It was impossible for the community at the same time to abolish torture from punishment in this life and to believe that the Father retained it in the life to come; to believe that crime was rather to be regarded as a disease to be cured than as a disposition to all evil to be punished, and to believe that sin was a disposition to all evil to be punished rather than a disease to be cured. The new penology in the State was accompanied by a new penology in the Church. Which was cause and which was effect it may be difficult to determine. Probably both were effects due to the growing spirit of humanity. The democratic spirit which abolished the doctrine of total depravity from the creed abolished also the doctrine of endless torment. The change did not take place without a struggle. In the Congregational denomination it gave rise to the Andover controversy and the American Board controversy.

Andover Seminary was one of the two principal theological seminaries of New England. It had been formed in 1807 by a union of different schools in the Puritan churches, and a difference of theological opinion had therefore always characterized its teachers. Edwards A. Park, at the time of which I am writing, was its Professor of Systematic Theology. He laid emphasis on the freedom of the will; on a distinction between depravity, as a tendency to evil, and sin, as a voluntary yielding to that tendency; and on the universality of the atonement—that is, that Christ had by his sacrifice provided a way of salvation adequate for the salvation of all men. These views he held in opposition to the older Calvinism, which taught that man lost his freedom in the fall, that he was morally culpable for his tendency to evil, and that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ had provided only for the salvation of those whom God had of his own good pleasure elected to save. When asked why the heathen who had never heard of Christ were doomed to eternal death, Professor Park replied that they were punished, not for rejecting Christ, but for sins against their own consciences.

Most of his associates in the seminary from the doctrine that salvation is provided for all men drew the conclusion that it would of necessity be offered to all men, and therefore taught, as a probable hypothesis, that Christ would be offered in another life to those who had never heard of him here. The issue thus joined precipitated a hot controversy throughout the Congregational churches, embittered as theological controversies are apt to be by personalities, and it led to an unsuccessful attempt to turn the advocates of a future probation out of their chairs on the ground that their teaching was a violation of the seminary creed. In the midst of this discussion I received from a subscriber to The Outlook a curious theological diagram which I have attempted to reproduce on the next page. By cutting out the border statements and shifting them around the reader will see that he is compelled to reach one of the three conclusions: he must choose whether he will deny that

Salvation is possible only by faith in Christ; or deny that

All men have the opportunity of salvation offered to them; or deny that

The opportunity of salvation is offered only in this life.

The Andover professors chose to deny the last hypothesis: this was their heresy.

It was about this time—I think, during the

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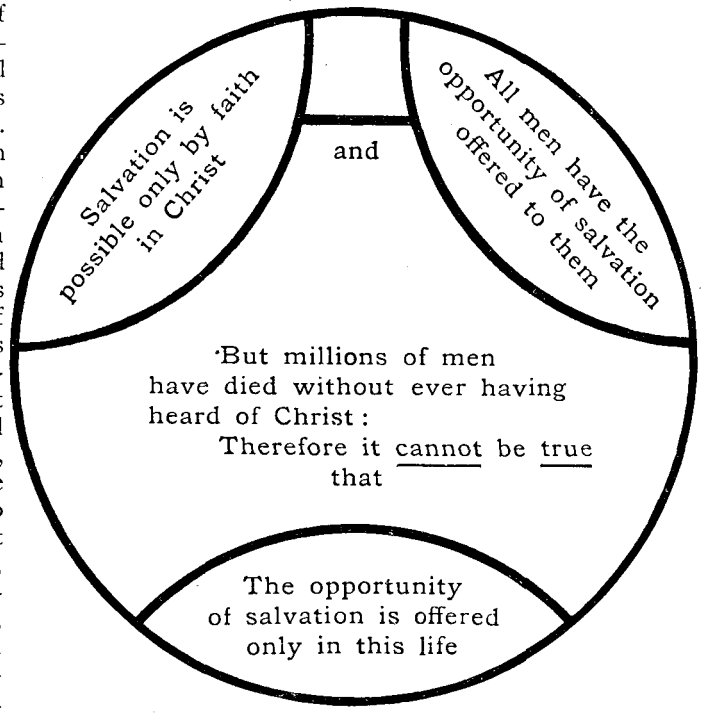
height of the controversy—that the National Council of Congregational Churches appointed a commission of twenty clergymen to draft a new Congregational creed. It should be explained to the non-theological reader that the Congregational churches are wholly independent of each other—in England their name is Independent. Each church forms its own creed, administers its own discipline, and arranges its own order of worship. This creed, therefore, was not to be adopted by the Council, not even to be reported to the Council; it was not a test, but a testimony—that is, not a standard to which Congregational ministers must conform, but simply a statement by certain generally esteemed ministers of what they thought most Congregational ministers believed. Care was taken to put on this creed commission representatives of the different schools of thought. Some one, seeing Dr. George Leon Walker and Lyman Abbott both upon it, said, "Whatever those two can agree upon we can certainly all assent to." In fact, though Dr. Walker was a conservative and I was a liberal, we agreed together from the start, for both desired a creed so simple that all readers could understand it, so catholic that all schools in the evangelical churches could accept it, and so spiritual that it would inspire thought, not restrain from thinking.


Salvation is possible only by faith in Christ
and
All men have the opportunity of salvation offered to them
But millions of men have died without ever having heard of Christ:
Therefore it cannot be true that
The opportunity of salvation is offered only in this life

A DIAGRAM DEVISED BY A READER OF THE OUTLOOK TO EXPLAIN THE ANDOVER CONTROVERSY. SEE PAGE 753

My duties as a journalist not less than my duties as a member of this commission compelled me to make a new study of the whole subject of the future life. These studies brought me to some unexpected conclusions and confirmed some to which my previous studies in the New Testament had brought me. I discovered that, except in one of Christ's parables and in the confessedly enigmatical book of Revelation, fire is throughout the Bible an emblem of destruction or purification, not of torment; that the hell fire of the New Testament was a fire burning in the Valley of Gehenna, in which the offal of Jerusalem was destroyed; that throughout the New Testament this life is treated not as a life of probation but as a life of preparation, and that probation or judgment is postponed to the life to come; that the word rendered everlasting does not mean everlasting but age-long, and is applied to objects which no one supposes will literally last forever. These conclusions I embodied in editorials in The Outlook. It will be readily imagined that the Andover doctrine of a future probation for the heathen did not especially interest me, for I had come to the conclusion that there was no future torment either long or short, that the day of probation was not on this side of the grave but on the other, and that there was no ground in Scripture for the belief that God's mercy for any man ended with his earthly life.

But I was not a Universalist. In 1899, after this controversy had practically ended, I was invited to address a Universalist convention in Boston, and, with the cordial approval of my host, took as my theme, "Why I am not a Universalist." I told the convention, in brief, that if I were a Calvinist, I should be a Universalist; but I was not a Calvinist. I believed that the final decision of every man's destiny depends upon himself. I could not, therefore, say with the Universalist that I was sure all men would be saved, though I was

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sure that God wished to save all men. Nor could I say with the orthodox that any would be finally lost; I did not know. But I did not believe that God would keep alive any child of his to go on in sin and suffering forever. I therefore left the future in God's hands, sure of one thing, and one thing only, that God's mercy endureth forever. I still leave this unsolved problem for the future to solve. In these statements I believed, and still believe, that I represented, unofficially and unauthoritatively, the feeling and the faith of most liberal Congregationalists.

The discussion of the new creed occupied several months. When completed, it was signed by all the members of the commission with two exceptions: one gentleman declined because he had been unable to attend the meetings of the commission; Dr. E. K. Alden because he differed from the conclusions of his associates. A creed was made which both believers and disbelievers in a future probation could sign. Dr. Alden was the Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, generally known as the American Board. He insisted that all candidates for missionary appointment should affirm their belief in the endless punishment of all who had not accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and sent out from the rooms of the Board a revised Apostles' Creed in which for the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," was substituted the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead, the final separation of the righteous and the wicked, and the life and death everlasting." "I remember his telling me," said one of the candidates, "that I should be as sure of the eternal punishment of the unconverted as I was of the existence of God. He assured me that I was cutting the nerve of missions if I withdrew fear of eternal punishment, which he held to be the fate of all the forefathers of my future heathen." He would recommend no one for missionary service who did not hold this doctrine; and the Committee would appoint no one whom their secretary refused to recommend.

Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover, and an advocate of the Andover theory of a future probation for the heathen, was a member of the Prudential or Executive Committee of the Board, and insisted that candidates who held that view should not be debarred from missionary service. Dr. Mark Hopkins, the famous President of Williams College, who was President of the American Board, and Dr. N. G. Clarke, who was Dr. Alden's colleague on the Board, though not accepting the Andover theory, thought its acceptance ought not to be a bar to missionary appointment. Miss Alice Freeman was President of Wellesley College, two of whose graduates were refused appointment by Dr. Alden because they did not accept Dr. Alden's theology. I have never known any person who possessed a more persuasive personality than Miss Freeman. She combined in an extraordinary degree intensity of feeling with absolute self-control. I wonder if that is not the real secret of what we call magnetism. Eloquent was her restrained indignation at the havoc wrought in the mind of the College by this paralyzing refusal of the opportunity for missionary service to graduates whose spirit of unselfish consecration was the admiration of their college mates. At first the attempt was patiently made to reach some adjustment of the difficulty by friendly conference. I happened, I hardly know why, to share in the counsels of Dr. Smyth and Miss Freeman. My patience was soon exhausted. I am, and always have been, a great believer in the power of public opinion. I proposed to publish the facts in The Outlook. Dr. Smyth urged me not to do so. Miss Freeman questioned the advisability. But, after a considerable delay and no progress, both consented that I should follow my own judgment, and on the 17th of December, 1885, I published an editorial entitled "A Cautionary Signal."

In this editorial I stated some, not all, of the facts, and appealed from Dr. Alden's decisions directly to the members of the Board, who knew nothing of the course he was pursuing, and indirectly to the Congregational churches. I declared that it was unjust to appeal to young men and women to give themselves to missionary service and then reject those who offered themselves because they held the general faith of the Congregational churches as semi-officially interpreted by its representative leaders of thought. Before the publication of this editorial the issue had been discussed by a few behind closed doors. After that publication it was discussed in the open, by the ministers and laymen in church gatherings, by the press both religious and secular, and presently by the missionaries in the field. There were three parties to this discussion. One minority held the doctrine of the future

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probation, and wished freedom to hold it; another minority was vehemently opposed to the doctrine, and wished Congregational ministers and missionaries prohibited from holding it; a considerable majority wished peace, and therefore desired liberty to hold or to reject it.

Every year a great meeting of the American Board is held for the purpose of stimulating interest in foreign missions. It is one of the chief religious gatherings of the Congregationalists. In 1886 it was held at Des Moines, Iowa. It was expected that the policy of Dr. Alden would come before the meeting for discussion. The gathering was large, the interest intense; a full day was given to the subject; the public interest was so great that Houghton Mifflin Company arranged for a verbatim report of the discussion, and published it in a pamphlet entitled "The Great Debate." It was correctly entitled. I have heard many debates in my lifetime, but never one characterized by so high a degree of uniform eloquence—the eloquence of profound earnestness, and therefore of great simplicity and directness of speech.

The final action taken was curiously characteristic of ecclesiastical assemblies—intended to give some measure of self-satisfaction to all parties. A resolution to appoint a special committee to ascertain the facts and report at the next meeting of the Board was lost, Dr. Egbert C. Smyth was dropped from the Prudential Committee, and the doctrine of future probation was condemned, though by a close vote, as "divisive and pervasive and dangerous to the churches at home and abroad." But at the same time there was passed unanimously a resolution recommending the Prudential Committee to consider the advisability of referring the doctrinal soundness of all candidates for appointment to a local council, so taking the theological issue away from the Board. What the effect of this course would probably be was sufficiently indicated by the fact that prior to this time ministers who refused to deny the possibility of a future probation had been ordained by such councils in various parts of the country from Boston to the Mississippi River.

The Great Debate was held in the Opera-House, packed with an audience which left "standing room only." But the corporate members, who alone had power to vote, sat upon the stage, and the speakers had to plead their case with their back to the men whom they wished to influence. At one point in my own speech, with the instinct bred by my lawyer's education, I turned my back upon the audience in order to address more effectively the jury, but the cries of the audience and the quiet counsel of the chairman compelled me to abandon my purpose. At the close of the debate one of my conservative friends greeted me with:

"To-day makes me very sad."

"Why so?" I asked. "You have carried a resolution indorsing your theology."

"I know," he replied, "but it was quite evident from the meeting how the current is running."

He was quite right. The Great Debate was held early in October, 1886. Four years later Howard Bliss and I were installed in Plymouth Church by a large and representative council, including both conservative and liberal clergymen, with only one dissenting vote, and I declared explicitly, "The decisive nature of this world's probation for every man I repudiate as unscriptural," and Mr. Bliss was equally explicit upon this point, declaring his belief in an intermediate state—"a purgatory, if you will"—which gives an opportunity for the heathen as well as to the Christian. Three years later Dr. Alden resigned his office as Secretary of the American Board, and three years after that I was elected a corporate member of the Board, an office which I have ever since held. While no formal action of the Board was taken reversing the resolution condemning the Andover theory, it is quite safe to say that since Dr. Alden's resignation no candidate has been rejected because he has refused to affirm that all the heathen have been condemned to everlasting punishment. An incidental but not unimportant result of this agitation was eventually a constitutional change in the Board, which is no longer a close corporation, but has been made a delegate body responsible and responsive to the churches. I may add that the fear that liberty of faith would "cut the nerve of missions" has not been realized. The interest of the churches in foreign missions, as represented both by the contributions received and the missionaries commissioned, has been greater in the last twenty years than in any preceding twenty years in the history of the Board.[1]

[1] In 1892, the last year of the old régime, the expenditures of the Board were $840,000; in 1914 they were over a million, and only the income has been expended. The work in the foreign field has been proportionately increased.

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This increase in missionary interest, however, has been due, not merely to the "larger hope," but probably even more to the less dramatic but more important effect of the democratic movement in revolutionizing the purpose of the Christian Church.

In the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century the object of the Church was purely individualistic; its purpose, solely by preaching the Gospel, to save some out of a world already hopelessly lost. When, about 1825, Dr. Lyman Beecher preached his six sermons on temperance, he was chided by his contemporaries for preaching morality; when, in 1850, his son preached a gospel of liberty, he was condemned for preaching politics.

But the democratic spirit proved again too strong for the ecclesiastical spirit. The questions in which the people were interested were not theological but sociological; they were questions, not of future salvation for the few, but of social salvation for all. The questions of slavery, of reconstruction in the South, of public education, of the treatment of the immigrant, of the abolition of poverty, of the cure of crime, of the emancipation of women and children from tasks unfitted or too great for them, of the redemption of the cities and the factory towns from the slums, absorbed the public mind. Even financial questions presented themselves as moral questions: which was honest, a gold or a silver standard? Ministers shared the popular interest—caught, if you please, the popular fever. The pulpits followed the example set by such men as Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher. The churches began as churches to take an active interest in social problems.

In 1901 I was invited to preach the sermon at the Diamond Jubilee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. I defined my purpose in the following sentences: "What, then, I want to say to you this evening is this: that it is the function of the Christian Church to establish the kingdom of God here and now on this earth, not to save men, few or many, from a world given over and abandoned as a wreck and lost, but to save the world itself by transforming it, translating it, transfusing it with new life." This was accepted without criticism as a true interpretation of the missionary spirit of the time. Fifty years before it would have been regarded as dangerously radical, if not absolutely revolutionary. When I was a boy, I do not think any church in New York City had either a parish house or a mission chapel; the whole work of the church was done by the Sunday services, the weekly prayer-meeting, and the Sunday-school. What missionary work it did was done through the contribution plate. Now every considerable church has its mission chapel. Many churches have their parish house, with club conveniences for young men and women, kindergartens for the children, and often vocational night schools for youth. What in Plymouth Church was attempted under my pastorate and is being accomplished under the pastorate of Dr. Hillis was indicated in a previous chapter, and Plymouth Church was neither the first to undertake this work nor until very recently was it among the best equipped for it. Out of the church have grown the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, which besides spiritual ministries provide healthful society, legitimate recreation, and industrial schools. The greatest evangelist of my time was Dwight L. Moody; the monuments which he built and which will long preserve his memory are the school for girls at Northfield and the school for boys at Mount Hermon. The greatest evangelistic organization of my time was the Salvation Army. Its street processions and Gospel hall meetings are now maintained, if at all, by a momentum derived from the emotional enthusiasm of the past. The chief work to which that enthusiasm now inspires it is practical philanthropy, carried on in the name and the spirit of Christ among the poor and the outcast. In brief, the Episcopalian definition of the Church as "a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christian ordinance," is no longer adequate. The church of to-day is not merely a teaching and a worshiping organization, it is also a working organization; and this is pre-eminently true of the Episcopal Church.

The foreign missionary work has felt the same impulse. When Dr. Cyrus Hamlin organized Robert College in Constantinople, he was criticised by conservative religious sentiment at home for turning aside from preaching the Gospel to promote secular education. Now over eighty thousand students are pursuing their education in foreign lands under the auspices of the American Board, and of them over twelve thousand are in institutions for the higher education,

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collegiate or professional. Industrial education, accompanied by the introduction of modern tools and the training of the natives in their use, lays, in an advancing civilization, a basis for spiritual instruction.[1] The medical missionary reaches by his healing thousands whom the speaking missionary cannot reach by his preaching, and commends Christianity by its practice to many to whom he could never commend it simply by its doctrine. The conception of the message of Christianity has undergone a radical change. "The missionary," says Dr. James L. Barton, the Secretary of the American Board, "preaches salvation no less than before; but it is salvation for the life that now is—salvation to one's self and for himself, and to society and for society—salvation for the sake of the world in which he lives. It is now taken for granted that, if a man is saved for the life that now is, he will be abundantly prepared for the life that is to come.[2] In a sermon preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher before the American Board in 1827 he treated heathenism, Romanism, despotism, crime, together as "resources of the adversary" which must be overthrown. In 1903–4 Charles Cuthbert Hall, in his addresses delivered in India to crowded congregations of cultivated Hindus, treated heathenism as a stage of spiritual development in a people seeking after God. In 1827 the Church regarded the missionary as a soldier going out to war against the enemy; in 1903 as a husbandman going out to sow the seed of a larger truth in a soil waiting to receive it. In 1812 Dr. Judson was forbidden by the British Government to preach the Gospel in India; the authorities feared the race hostility such preaching would excite. In 1913 the Chinese Governor of China asked the churches to set aside a day for prayer that the country might be guided to a wise solution of its critical problems. It is hardly possible to overestimate the significance of so great a revolution.

One other influence, wholly unorganic, has co-operated with the scientific development and the democratic spirit in revolutionizing religious thought and religious institutions: the study of comparative religion and the direction of the thought of the Christian people to the life of Christ.

The development of the East India trade toward the close of the eighteenth century, the opening of Japan and China to foreign intercourse in the nineteenth century, and the development of the foreign missionary movement which accompanied these commercial enterprises, created a popular interest in the study of foreign religions, and the works of Max Müller, the first of which was published in 1872, brought the subject within the comprehension of other than expert Oriental students. Almost simultaneously popular attention was diverted from the study of catechisms and creeds to the study of the life of Christ by a series of wholly unconnected volumes, beginning with the English translation of Strauss's life of Christ by George Eliot in 1846. That interested only scholars; but Renan's "Life of Jesus," published in 1863, had all the fascination of romance and became at once one of the popular books of the decade. I have in my library over a score of lives of Christ in English published between 1850 and 1890. Of these, a republication of a comparatively ancient Jewish book is hostile; and one, that of Strauss, is critical; but in general their tone varies from great respect for a moral genius to devout reverence for the divine Son of God. The effect of these publications on the popular mind is illustrated by the saying of John Stuart Mill, himself an agnostic: "Not even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." These lives of Christ, presenting almost every conceivable view of his character and of the documents on which we depend for our knowledge of him, produced an influence on the Christian thought and life all the more effective because wholly spontaneous, and did much to produce an undefined movement toward a less dogmatic and a more practical religion, which has been entitled "Back to Christ."

This revival of the original and practical Christianity has tended toward Christian unity. Intellectual definitions divide; co-operation in work unites. Denominational organizations still exist, perhaps always will exist; but denominational barriers do not. A Methodist contemporary of mine tells me that when he was a young man in his teens, lecturing in New England on temperance, he was invited to speak on a Sunday evening in

[1] In the spirit of Paul's saying: "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual."—1 Cor. xv. 46.

[2] "The Modern Missionary," "Harvard Theological Review," January, 1915.

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the Congregational church by one of its members. But the minister objected. This Methodist might, said the Congregationalist, bring in his Arminianism, and then what would become of the doctrines of our holy religion? It is inconceivable that such an objection could be made in our time. When I joined Mr. Beecher in the "Christian Union," it was very difficult to get subscribers; for the denominational paper had always the first place, and generally there was no second place for an undenominational paper. Now the public looks to the undenominational paper and to the secular press for religious news and religious views, and the denominational papers are largely taken for their denominational and ecclesiastical information and interpretation. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Student Volunteer Movement, the Men and Religion Movement, and the Federation of Churches unite all evangelical Christians in a common work, and fellowship between evangelical and liberal churches is increasingly frequent. Among Protestants it is only the so-called Catholic party in the Episcopal Church which still maintains an attitude of ecclesiastical isolation.

These changes have produced a radical change in the popular conception of religion, and a still more radical, though scarcely recognized, change in the motives which inspire to religious activity. In 1785 Archdeacon Paley published his "Moral and Political Philosophy," in which he says, "Virtue is the doing good to mankind in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Most of the social service of to-day is rendered with no thought of future compensation, and much of it with no thought of the will of God. It is rendered spontaneously for the love of doing good, as the picture is painted by the artist because he loves beauty or the great enterprises of our day are carried on for the love of achievement. Doubtless some loss is involved in this forgetfulness of the unknown future and the will of God, and to many the loss of piety in this philanthropic age appears an irreparable loss. But to me doing good as the expression of an inward life is better than doing good either to win a reward or to obey a law. But I am not here concerned to expound a philosophy, but to interpret life. And not least of the changes which I have seen in the past sixty years is this change from the religion of obedience to law for the sake of reward to a religion which is the spontaneous expression of an inward life of faith and hope and love.

This chapter would not be complete without mention, necessarily brief, of some of my contemporaries who with different temperaments and by different methods have been leaders in what has been well called the new thinking: Dr. George A. Gordon, the philosophic interpreter of the movement, in whom are combined a thorough familiarity with the best thought of the past and a spirit thoroughly modern; Dr. Theodore T. Munger, the perfection of whose style, the natural expression of a carefully perfected thought, has made his writings the more effective because they were never controversial; Dr. Washington Gladden, whose judicial temper enabling him to see all sides of controverted questions has been combined with an intensity of conviction not often found in so catholic a spirit; President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin, who has interpreted by his writings with great clearness and felicity the change from a purely individualistic to a social Christianity; Dr. William Newton Clarke, of Colgate University, whose "Christian Theology" is the most religious book on systematic theology I have ever read—I am almost inclined to say, the only one; Edward Everett Hale, whose translation of faith, hope, and love into modern phraseology has made it a motto in many Christian households; John G. Whittier, whose religious poetry is luminous with the Inner Light in which he so devoutly trusted; and Phillips Brooks, whose personality, more eloquent even than his winged words, made him the most prophetic preacher of his time.

The scientific discoveries undermining the authority of both the Bible and the Church as the ultimate appeal; the democratic spirit making impossible belief in the historic fall and a consequent total depravity of the race, the development of humanity at the same time abolishing torture from human punishment and belief in torture as a divine punishment, the increasing acquaintance with the peoples of the world and the study of their religions broadening the sympathies of men and disclosing to Christians the work and way of God in pagan communities, the study of the life of Christ turning the thoughts of men from the metaphysics of theology to the practical life of faith and hope and love exhibited in the Man of history, the coming

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together of different Christian souls not on the basis of a common creed but under the inspiration of a common purpose, and the resultant change of the religious life from one of obedience to law to one of acceptance of life as a free gift from the Author and Giver of life, all combine to make the last three-quarters of a century the epoch of the greatest spiritual progress the world has ever seen; not greater in spirit, but greater in extent even than the first century after the birth of Christ.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

GASOLINE AND AGRICULTURE

WHAT THE GASOLINE ENGINE AND THE AUTOMOBILE MEAN TO THE FARMER. HENRY FORD'S NEW FARM TRACTOR. THE GASOLINE HORSE. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THE AGE OF GASOLINE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THAT all wealth is derived from the land is a maxim of one school of economic philosophy. Like all generalizations, this statement has the defects of its simplicity; but it is true that the things produced by or taken from the earth or the sea, plus the labor expended upon them, supply every need of mankind and provide the basis of all wealth.

Of the things derived from the land, those which are agriculturally produced are by far the most essential and valuable, and it is therefore somewhat surprising that modern science and invention should have been so slowly applied to the study and improvement of agriculture.

When we contrast what scientific study has done in the last fifty years toward the development of transportation, manufacturing, illumination, communication, sanitation, and the arts of war, as well as those of peace, with what has been accomplished in the field of agriculture, we must be surprised at the comparative neglect with which the most essential industry of life has been treated.

Except for the use of commercial fertilizers and the harvesting machine, agricultural methods have not been substantially changed for fifty years, and the human energy required to plow, harrow, and cultivate the ground is almost, if not quite, as great as it was in the time of Cincinnatus.

In nearly every other department of human activity the use of mechanical power and labor-saving machinery has so increased the production per unit of human energy that shorter hours and higher wages for the workers have not been incompatible with the larger output which the multiplying needs of society required.

On the farm, however, the hours of labor have not been shortened. There are no half-holidays or fifty-six-hour weeks. It is still necessary to rise at dawn to feed the stock and milk the cows and to work till dark to save the crops. Wages, it is true, have been slightly advanced, otherwise no "hands" could have been retained; but the more intelligent and ambitious have continually drifted cityward, and the result is that, though there has been a total increase of about 25,000,000, or 33 per cent, in the population of the United States during the last fifteen years, nearly four-fifths of this increase has been in the cities and towns.

As a corollary of this slow growth in rural population, the percentage of increase in the "land in farms" has been even slower. Throughout the entire country the increase was only 4.8 per cent for the decade ending in 1910, and an actual *decrease* was registered in all the New England States, as well as in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona, Utah, and California. The figures of this surprising and alarming decrease in farm acreage are to be found on page 269 of the "Abstract of the Thirteenth Census."

According to the same authority, the "improved land"—that is, "land regularly tilled

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THE PLOW

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

From the London "Spectator"

From Egypt behind my oxen, with their stately step and slow,
Northward and east and west I went to the desert sand and the snow;
Down through the centuries, one by one, turning the clod to the shower,
Till there's never a land beneath the sun but has blossomed behind the power.

I slide through the sodden rice-fields with my grunting, humpbacked steers,
I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's imperial years;
I was left in the half-drawn furrow when Cincinnatus came,
Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the north I went; white cliffs and a seaboard blue;
And my path was glad in the English grass as my stout, red Devons drew;
My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me rippled and curled
The corn that was life to the sailormen that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the north again, and day by day drew down
A little more of the purple hills to join my kingdom brown;
And the whaups wheeled out to the moorland, but the gay gulls stayed with me
Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song with their feathered feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me westward; I found on the prairies wide
A toil to my stoutest daring and a foe to test my pride;
But I stooped my strength to the stiff, black loam, and I found my labor sweet
As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then farther away to the northward; outward and outward still
(But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there no plow may till!),
Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the edge of the snow
I ribbed them the fenceless wheat-fields, and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the Southland called me; I turned her the rich brown lines
Where the paramatta peach trees grow and her green Mildura vines;
I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her dying sheep,
I painted her rich plains golden, and taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen, with stately step and slow,
I have carried your weightiest burdens, ye toilers that reap and sow.
I am the ruler, the king, and I hold the world in fee;
Sword upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall rest with me.

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THE WORK OF THE PLOW

The greatest labor of mankind, which consumes more power than all the factories of the world

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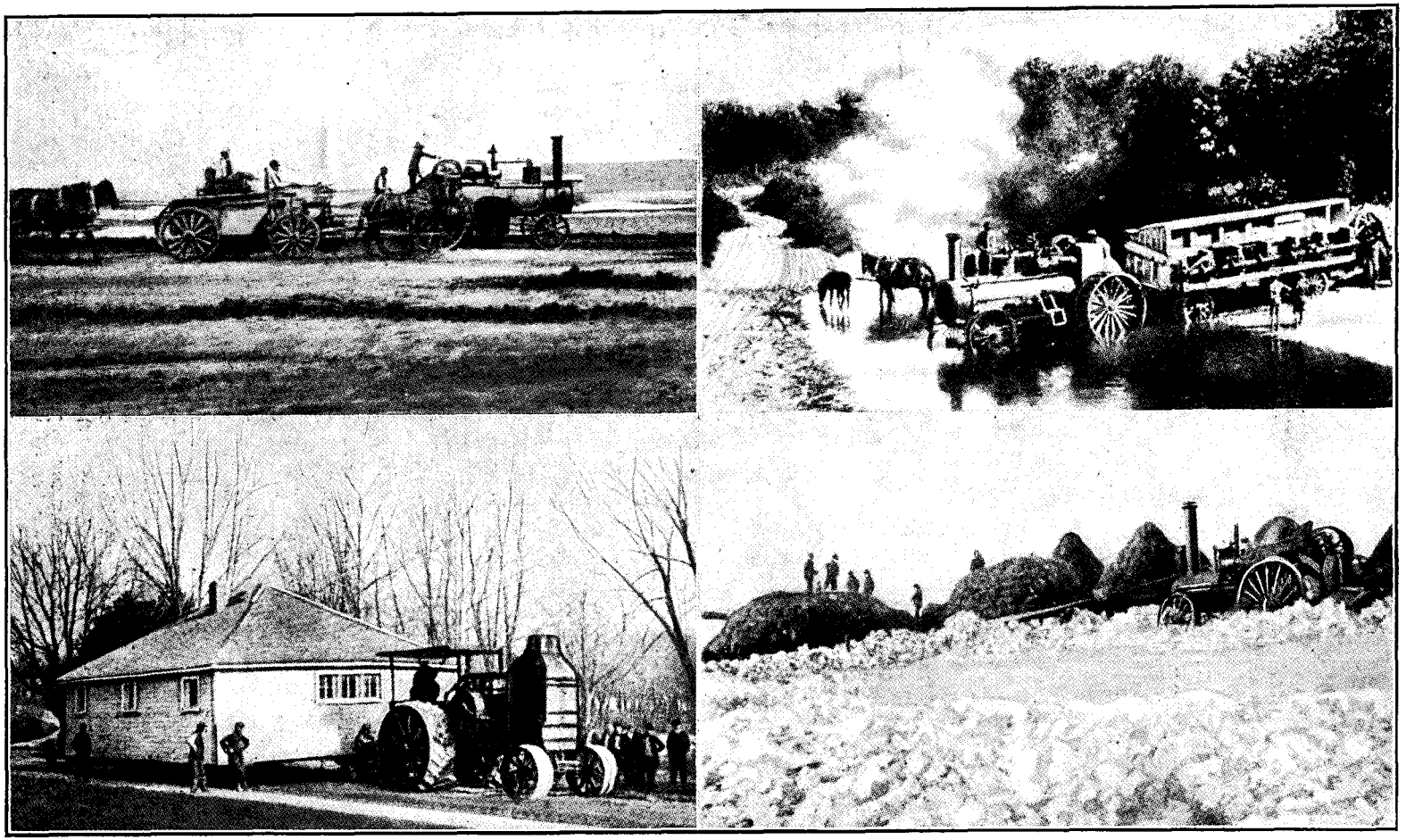

BUILDING A RAILWAY
MOVING A GYMNASIUM

FORDING A STREAM
THRESHING OUT THE SNOW-DRIFTS

THE GENERAL UTILITY OF TRACTORS

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or mowed, or cropped or pastured in rotation"—amounted to only 478,451,750 acres in 1910.

This is less than twenty-five per cent of all the land in our National domain.

It is plain that, if the tendencies which these figures disclose continued for the next twenty years, the economic situation would become almost intolerable.

Probably eighty per cent of the population would be living in the cities and dependent upon the inefficient twenty per cent who remained upon the farms for the agricultural production necessary for food and clothing. The prices of meat, grain, and cotton, which have already risen nearly one hundred per cent in the last fifteen years, would advance even more rapidly, and the cost of living would mount to impossible figures.

Obviously some corrective must be found for conditions that are already oppressive and promise to become intolerable. There is reason to hope that one is already in sight. Gasoline promises to be the solvent by which the farmers' difficulties will be resolved.

The great cities of the twentieth century exist only by virtue of the steam-engine. Without the railways which bring food from a long distance it would be impossible to feed the urban population, and without the trolleys, propelled by steam-produced electricity, the city wage-earners could not be effectively assembled.

Just as steam has made city life possible and tolerable, so gasoline promises to make country life endurable and attractive. It has already done much in this direction. When Oscar Wilde first visited the United States, he said that the cooking-stove and the piano were the great civilizing influences of American life. If he were here to-day, he would probably admit that the automobile had done more than the piano to ameliorate the tedium and isolation of rural existence in this country.

The American of to-day demands for his wife and family a reasonable amount of social intercourse and enjoyment. This is one reason why the city draws him. Farm life to reattract him must be able to compete with the city in this respect. The automobile has made this possible.

There are now about two million automobiles in use in the United States. With the automobile, the telephone, and good roads the farmer and his family are no longer condemned to solitude. This is gasoline's first contribution toward agricultural extension. It is most important, for the relation between economic efficiency and social contentment is very close. Enthusiasm for one's vocation is necessary that anything worth while may be accomplished, and men cannot be enthusiastic in an environment that deprives them and their families of the social intercourse and recognition that is supposed to be one of the rewards of financial success in America.

It is therefore logical that increased attractiveness should precede increased efficiency in the effect which the gasoline engine seems destined to have upon agricultural life in the United States.

This is perhaps the reason why the automobile should have been developed before the gasoline tractor, for both promise shortly to supersede the horse entirely in the country as well as in the city.

Tractive power is indispensable to the farmer. It is required to pull his plow, his harrow, and his cultivator, to harvest his crops and haul them to market, to clear his ground, and to distribute his fertilizer. From prehistoric times up to the present this power has been supplied by four-footed animals. Elephants, camels, and cattle have been, and are still, used in many parts of the world; but in the United States in the year 1910 there were, according to the Census, some 24,148,580 horses, mules, burros, and asses, worth $2,622,000,000. It is altogether probable that the larger portion of these animals were in use for field work on the farms.

According to the best statistics obtainable, the animal power so furnished is extremely expensive in proportion to the investment and cost of maintenance. Furthermore, the labor of the farmer's life is greatly increased by the care that the animals require. On Sundays and holidays, in season and out of season, some one must be up at dawn to feed and groom the horses, and at night the same duty has to be performed.

The urgent need of a mechanical horse that will not get tired, and that has to be fed only when it works, is therefore self-evident.

Ever since the steam-engine was developed inventors have been trying to devise a steam horse that would be as efficient on the farm as the locomotive is on the rails. Many steam tractors have been built, but their costliness and the difficulty of keeping them supplied with fuel and water have made against their general introduction. On large and highly organized farms they have been used

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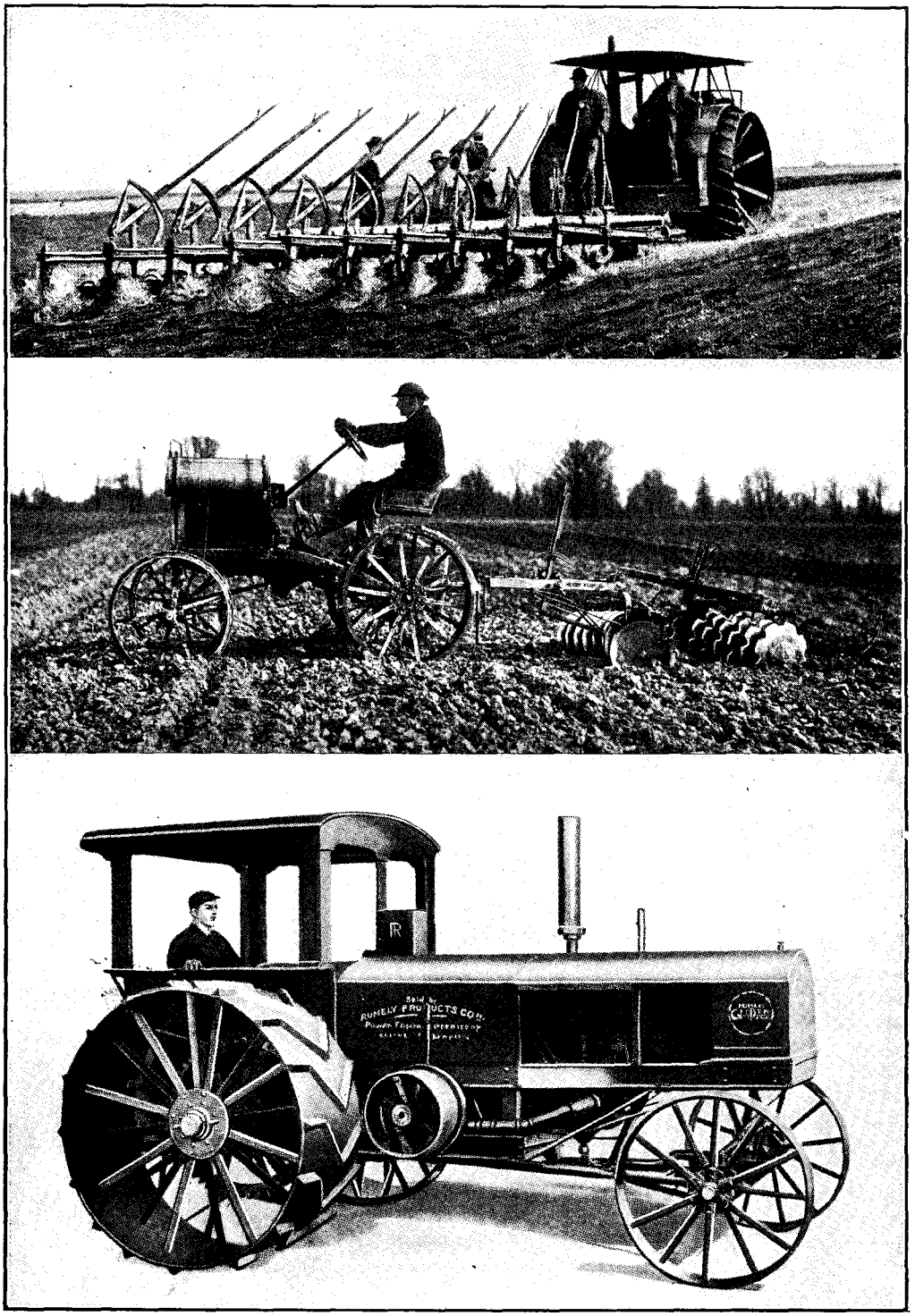

A PARLIN AND OVERDORFF MOGUL ENGINE PLOW
THE NEW LIGHT-WEIGHT FORD TRACTOR
THE MANY-JOB GAS PULL, MANUFACTURED BY THE RUMELY COMPANY

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to some extent, but elsewhere they have not proved to be economical. Usually they have been machines weighing many tons, so heavy that they would break down the ordinary country bridge, and useful, therefore, only within a very short radius.

A low-priced light-weight gasoline tractor that would do the work of about four horses and could pull a plow in a nine-inch furrow at a speed of two and one-half miles an hour, or a loaded wagon over a country road at the rate of ten miles an hour, is therefore the greatest need of the American farmer to-day. Realizing this, my curiosity was much excited when I read in the paper quite lately that Mr. Henry Ford, of automobile fame, had announced that he had developed a tractor that met these requirements and could be sold for about $200.

The economic importance of this statement, if sustained, seemed so great that I immediately telegraphed Mr. Ford and asked for an opportunity to see his gasoline horse.

Upon receipt of his reply, I journeyed to Detroit and spent half a day with him on the farm at Dearborn, Michigan, which is both his home and the mechanical laboratory in which the new tractor has been developed.

There he has eight or ten of these tractors at work, testing them in the various ways in which he believes they can be used. I saw one of them pulling a plow which cut a furrow eight inches deep in a heavy, rank, unbroken field. Another was pulling a twenty-four-disc harrow weighted to cut the ground about four inches. Several others were drawing multiple cultivators at about four miles an hour through the rows of young corn, and I was told that one of them, that I saw standing on the farm, had just brought in a wagon with four tons of coal in it. As I did not witness this last performance, I speak from hearsay rather than personal observation; but from what I saw of the power developed by the tractor I have no doubt that the statement was true.

I shall not attempt a technical description of Mr. Ford's machine. That may be left to him. Photographs of it and some of the tractors that have preceded it illustrate this article. It seemed to me quite as simple and as durable as the Ford automobile. I went to Detroit to see if a gasoline substitute for the draught horse in the corn or cotton field has been produced, and I returned convinced.

For several years past, having given such study as a layman might to the tractor question, I had come to believe that great weight was essential to tractive efficiency. In this respect my opinion has been changed.

Mr. Ford maintains that it is not weight, but grip, plus power, that enables a tractor to pull. He illustrates his theory by the story of a cat chased up a tree by a dog. "The cat," he says, "didn't have weight, but she had traction." To judge from the results, the analogy is sound. No other manufacturer, as far as I know, has applied this theory, and certainly none has succeeded in producing a tractor that can be sold for $200. It is not my purpose to extol Mr. Ford or his achievements; but, if Dean Swift was correct when he said that "he who makes two blades of grass or two ears of corn grow where only one grew before deserves better of mankind and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together," surely this, Mr. Ford's latest contribution toward agricultural progress, entitles him to rank with the greatest benefactors of society.

With a gasoline horse to plow, cultivate and harvest his crop, a motor truck to carry it to market, a gasoline engine to pump his water and run the thresher, the cotton-gin, the ice-machine, the sawmill, and the electric dynamo which lights his house and barn, an automobile to take him to town, a rural postman on a motor cycle to carry the mail and the parcel post, and a telephone which puts him in instant communication with any part of the United States or Canada, the farmer can no longer complain of the hardship or isolation of life in the country.

Gasoline has made all these things, except the telephone, realities, and they promise to revolutionize the tendencies of the past generation that have become manifest in the growth of our congested cities and the increasing number of abandoned farms.

The nineteenth century is called the age of steam. The twentieth will probably be known as that of gasoline. It may be that within the next ten years the stabilized aeroplane will enable the farmers to flit with safety from field to field and from home to town; but, even though the automobile shall become obsolete, gasoline will still remain the means by which the undue hardship of agricultural life has been relieved.

Whether the greater glory is due to the

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unknown discoverer of the wonderful fluid, or those who have found the ways it may be used, it is difficult to decide.

It is said that whenever a great need arises mankind finds a way to supply it, and certainly the widening application of gasoline to the needs of agriculture seem to justify this statement.

The ancient poet sang of *rus in urbe*, but American inventive genius has put the joys of *urbs in rure* within the grasp of all mankind.

THE NEW BOOKS

Rise of Modern Religious Ideas (The). By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Dr. McGiffert presents a convincing argument in the form of a narrative. It is an account of the influences that have promoted and the circumstances that have attended the rise of some leading and distinctively modern religious ideas. The older ideas from which they differ were left substantially unchanged by the Protestant reformers during the sixteenth century. A succinct statement of these introduces the story of their gradual disintegration. This began when German pietism in the seventeenth century shifted the religious emphasis from dogmas to life. It was continued by the rationalism of the eighteenth-century "enlightenment," by the advance of natural science enlarging the domain of natural law, and by the rise of critical philosophy, from Descartes to Kant.

On this background of progressive disintegration Professor McGiffert exhibits the work of reconstruction during the last two centuries in its advance from stage to stage with increasing momentum.

In this process Kant broke the ground which Schleiermacher and Ritschl built upon. After the rebirth of speculation by Kant's successors, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, came the rehabilitation of faith. This new era in religious thought, begun on different lines by English evangelicalism, French romanticism, and German philosophy in their common reaction against rationalism, continued by Coleridge in England, Emerson and Bushnell in New England, Dr. McGiffert finds going on to-day in the pragmatism of William James, "the most striking and consistent contemporary expression" of the method of postulation originated by Kant. Even the agnosticism of Spencer and Mansel, despite its negative influence, is shown in its shifting of emphasis from the far away to the near by to have enriched spiritual values with new significance.

One follows Dr. McGiffert with growing interest as he thus leads up to the completer transformation of traditional beliefs brought in by the modern ideas of evolution and its closely related conception of the divine immanence. That the tendency of this conception is "undoubtedly pantheistic" may be doubted, though not by the clergymen who accuse a certain seminary of "Hinduism masquerading in the garb of Christianity." It is undoubtedly fundamental in Christ's conception of God. Equally effective with it in transforming traditional ideas, though sometimes opposed to it, has been the rise of ethical theism. From a review of this Dr. McGiffert passes on to the changed conception since Luther's time of the character of God. "The God of Calvinism was consistent with the feudal notion of society which dominated the Middle Ages." In the rise during the last two centuries of the democratic, the humanitarian, and the historical spirit the long-submerged truth of the divine fatherhood has been recovered and the conception of God rendered "thoroughly ethical and consistent."

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to add a large confluent to this strong current of new religious ideas. Noting the intimate kinship of the present social emphasis with the ideas of evolution and the divine immanence, Dr. McGiffert points to its effects in socializing the former individualistic conceptions of all human values and relations—of man and of God, of virtue and vice, of sin and salvation, and of the kingdom of God as the reign of Christ's spirit in the world.

The long historical process throughout its various phases, of which this social emphasis is the last named, is a process of gradual emancipation—freeing the moral and religious consciousness, the reason enlightened by increasing knowledge, and the adolescent spirit of liberty from domineering pretensions to an external infallible authority. Concluding with a brief review of the dominance and decline of such claims, Dr. McGiffert finds that, whatever has thus been detracted from the Bible, "its permanent and incomparable spiritual worth" is now being more and more recognized.

Professor McGiffert deems Schleiermacher and Ritschl the most influential contributors to modern theological thought. Many others have contributed in various lines to the disintegration of old ideas and the rise of new. Large

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citations give the many particulars of the historical process with a fullness sufficient for an independent judgment by intelligent readers. The narrative thus resembles the presentation of a case in court by the evidence of witnesses.

As we are conducted through this scene of ever-expanding change, noting the contributions of confluent after confluent to the steadily swelling stream, the futility and fatuity of efforts to arrest and turn back its flow are conclusively evidenced. Two and a half centuries have done what cannot be undone. The aim of Dr. McGiffert's narrative, the first installment of a series on modern religious thought, is simply "to contribute to an understanding of the existing situation." The logic of its progressive development is irresistible. No backward steps and no finality so long as knowledge of the works and ways of God continues to increase, with commensurate wisdom for any needed readjustment to it of our ideas of God.

Raymond Poincaré: A Sketch. Duckworth & Co., London.

This volume is evidently written by "one who knows." It gives us a great deal more than merely a personal sketch. It tells us in interesting detail about the difficulties in the way of any French statesman who recognizes and wishes to meet the two special economic needs of modern France—namely, the fiscal and electoral reforms. Twelve years ago M. Poincaré declared himself in favor of proportional representation. Both in France and England the elections turn unduly on local and personal questions; but this is especially notable in France, because there is no counterbalancing tendency from the existence of two great parties with their historic associations and strong party discipline, as in England. The introduction of proportional representation in France would not only make the constituency larger by substituting for a small district electing one member *(scrutin d'arrondissement)* a larger one electing several members *(scrutin de liste)*; but also, by widening the outlook of the electors, would make elections depend less on merely local questions. This reform, supported by Socialists, has been resisted by other political groups, and, the author says, it is difficult to prophesy at present when it is likely to be carried out.

The main emphasis of the book, however, is, as might be expected, on fiscal reform; for it is in the domain of finance that M. Poincaré made his great reputation in several Cabinets and inspired a general confidence throughout France, which led to his election as President. Here again contrast between England and France is interesting, and, as the author says, the influence of English economic theories on the President's theories can clearly be traced. M. Poincaré's financial achievements were, first, in the part he took in reform of French financial practice, and, second, what he has achieved in reforming the system of taxation. While in England the Chancellor of the Exchequer relies mainly upon direct taxation for his revenue, the French revenue is derived to a greater extent from indirect taxation. It is true that there is an inheritance tax in France, but it yields only about a third as much as does the similar tax in England. On the other hand, the French stamp duties yield nearly four times as much as do those in England. Any one who has ever lived in France and has had to pay that irritating window-and-door tax, in addition to the taxes upon land, and then the taxes upon land with building, and then the so-called personal tax, and, finally, the *droit de patente*, or the tax imposed on those carrying on business or having a profession, and the tax upon *valeurs mobilières*, will understand the complex nature of the French system.

The volume is less satisfactory in its description of M. Poincaré's connection with foreign affairs. As to the office of President, the author concludes that its needs are greater stability, more influence over the Legislature, a truer continuity of policy, and increased prestige in the country. It will be interesting to see what a President of M. Poincaré's intellectual powers and decided political views will be able to achieve. Fortunately, he enjoys, we believe, greater popularity at home and greater prestige abroad than has yet been the case with any French President.

English Hymn (The). By Louis F. Benson, D.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.50.

The worship-song so generally enjoyed in good congregational singing is a late arrival, as all but the youngest know. Few know how long it had to be labored for. In Germany it came in with Luther. Why it was so late in English-speaking lands appears in Dr. Benson's history of the tortuous course of its development. Hymn-singing gradually shaped itself out of devotional poetry on the one hand, and metrical psalmody on the other, partly under the influence of master-minds, such as Watts and Charles Wesley, partly as affected by new religious forces and influences. Of these, as Dr. Benson shows, the more vitalizing were the revivals that enriched religious feeling with experience. Less beneficent have been those whose homiletical purpose wedded religious feeling to doctrines from which it was destined to be divorced, *e.g.*, hymns on everlasting punishment.

While following the main line of this development in the leading Protestant churches of America and Great Britain, Dr. Benson notes numerous side-lines divagating from it or contributing to it. On one side are the hymn-books of the Dunkers, the Adventists, etc.

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Even the Mormon hymn-book is noted as "an exception to the rule of dullness governing sectarian hymnody." On the other side, Unitarian hymnody has become "a source-book for editors of all religious persuasions." The literary level and poetic quality of English hymnody has risen greatly under the cultural influences of our time, while multitudes untouched by these have found their need provided for by the popularized "Gospel Hymns."

This long historical development shows the rise of new religious ideas attended by the rise of new hymns for their expression and the retirement of old hymns repugnant to modern minds. Comparison of our parents' and grandparents' hymn-books with our own shows many such discarded hymns—fossils no longer embodying a living belief. Not a few such still remain, *e.g.*, hymns on the resurrection of the buried body from its grave. The historical development is to go on, as Dr. Benson expects. The hymnody of the twentieth century is to be further purged, and also enriched, especially by the hymns of social democracy now making their appearance.

This massive volume, well indexed for reference, is certainly the best work yet on English hymnody. Based on lectures at Princeton in 1907 and 1910, it is the fruit of a quarter century of study.

Landloper (The). By Holman Day. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

This is a story inciting to brotherly and human kindness and to civic righteousness also. There is a touch of the whimsical in the Quaker blacksmith who starts out to do good in a home-made suit of armor which, later, becomes useful to him when he carries a sandwich-board to advertise stove-polish. The villain of the story is the head of a water supply company who poisons people with typhoid germs because it would lessen his profits to furnish pure water. Altogether, there are action and purpose in the story, although it is too diffuse and not very carefully written.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is another of Mr. Lincoln's always welcome stories of Cape Cod life, with quaint people and shrewd comment. In plot and incident the book is not one of Mr. Lincoln's best, but Cap'n Obed and Thankful herself are joyous and delightful.

Red Laugh (The). By Leonid Andreiev. Translated by Alexandra Linden. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.

This book describes the anachronisms of war. It is a record of horror, unnatural and unreal; of madness, and even of the monotony of madness. In particular, these vivid pages define the "red laugh." What is that? "Something short, blunt, and red," answers Andreiev, "and out of it the blood was gushing as out of an uncorked bottle. . . . And this short, red, and flowing 'something' still seemed to be smiling a sort of smile, a toothless laugh—a red laugh.' This was a wound, and such are the wounds seen by the Russian writer. His book is a dreadful book, but it will do good, because it presents the reality of war by what seems a personal, intimate diary.

Church (The). By John Huss. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by David S. Schaff, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

A unique place in the history of the progress of religious thought and culture in Western Christendom is held by Huss as the one contributor to it from Bohemia, his mother country. The treatise for which he was sent to the stake with his countryman Jerome of Prague by the Council of Constance, July 6, 1415, is the best-known work on the Church during the thousand years from Augustine to Luther. It is an elaborate vindication of the Protestant teaching that Huss had derived from the writings of Wyclif, "the morning star of the Reformation." Comparing Huss and Wyclif, Professor Schaff pronounces Huss the more clear and direct, and also the less severe in his judgment of individuals and more moderate in his language.

This first appearance of his great work in English appropriately commemorates the five hundredth anniversary of his martyrdom. Holding a place of first importance among works on the Church, it will have a mission to-day, says Professor Schaff, "if its pages promote the idea that devotion to Christ is the condition and the surety of Christian fellowship." On the Cathedral pulpit at Constance, where sentence was passed on Huss, the words of Psalm xix. 4 (in Latin), "Their line is gone out through all the earth," are lettered in stone. To the thoughtful visitor they seem an unconscious prophecy of the spread of the truths for whose maintenance he died.

Art of the Exposition (The). By Eugen Neuhaus. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. $1.50.

This book's title is misleading. One might gather from it that the volume describes the collection of art at this particular Exposition—which happens to be the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco. But it does not. Instead, it tells us about the Exposition buildings—their architecture, sculpture, mural decorations, color schemes, and other æsthetic effects. One gets a distinct impression from all this of much artistic balance in design. As to particular architectural features, we are glad that the author emphasizes the Court of the Universe, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White; the Court of the Four Seasons, designed by Mr. Henry Bacon; and the Tower of Jewels, designed by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings. Emphasis is also given, as is proper, to the close co-operation at San Francisco between architect and sculptor. In arch, in column, in niches, in fountains, and in free-

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standing groups, says the author, architect and sculptor "sing of many themes, and always in harmony." As Mr. Guérin is the first Director of Color and Decoration to be appointed for any international exposition, we are not altogether surprised to find that the Panama-Pacific buildings really do "look for all the world like a live Guérin print taken from the 'Century Magazine.'" If so, they are worth looking at! As to individual mural decorations, we get original and individual criticism. Mr. du Mond, for instance, is "very intellectual and most effective in color as well as arrangement;" on the other hand, most of the canvases in the dome of the Fine Arts Palace hardly do justice to Mr. Reid's remarkable decorative talent; finally, Mr. Brangwyn's pictures "are not intellectual in the least;" indeed, "all of the people in his pictures are animals more or less, and merely interested in having a square meal and being permitted to enjoy life in general to the fullest extent. . . . Brangwyn's canvases are a veritable riot of color, full of animation and life. They are almost dynamic. There seems to be something going on in all of them all the time."

In a recent issue of The Outlook, by mistake, in reviewing Mr. A. C. Benson's "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother," we gave the name of the publisher incorrectly. The book is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.—THE EDITORS

THE READER'S VIEW

ACCIDENT COMPENSATION AND ALCOHOL

I

Since the passage of workmen's compensation laws by two dozen States and the investigations that have been made by other States which are considering enacting such laws it has not been a difficult matter to secure official statistics regarding the varied causes of industrial accidents. This data is embodied in the reports of the commissions of the various States appointed to administer the workman's compensation acts. There are also Federal reports dealing with the operation of the United States Workmen's Compensation Law. The United States Bureau of Mines also issues bulletins on accidents in mines, and the Inter-State Commerce Commission annually makes public the results of the investigations of railway accidents.

It would manifestly seem that before any one ventured to write on the subject of the causes of industrial accidents he would consult the facts in these reports. I regret to have to say that this most obviously is what Mr. Lewis Edwin Theiss did not do when he prepared his article "The People vs. Alcohol" which was published recently in your magazine.

Had Mr. Theiss done so, he would have been aware that, instead, as he represents the case, of alcohol being the only responsible factor, it is really a proved very minor factor, causing not more than from one to two per cent of industrial accidents. The factors that he completely ignored are the main and serious factors, namely, inherent risks of industry, obsolete and defective apparatus, dangerous machinery, lack of proper safeguards, the hiring of inexperienced employees, perilous speed, and other matters.

The New York State Workman's Compensation Law makes intoxication a bar to recovery of claims. Yet, of a total of 18,930 awards made from July 1, 1914, to February 1, 1915, the question of intoxication was raised by the employer or insurance carrier in about only one hundred cases, and not one of these disputed claims was disallowed on the ground of intoxication. Of the entire number of 18,139 cases that came for settlement before the Wisconsin Industrial Commission up to January 1, 1915, employers in only four or five cases made any claim that the employee was intoxicated, and only in one case did the Commission find that the injury was caused by intoxication. (The Wisconsin law, it may be explained, penalizes intoxication fifteen per cent.) The New Jersey law excludes claims for accidents happening while the employee was intoxicated; of 5,750 cases of non-fatal accidents and 233 cases of fatal accidents happening in the year covered by the 1914 report of the New Jersey Employers' Liability Commission, 93.2 per cent were settled automatically, and in the remaining seven per cent of cases intoxication was not mentioned as a causative factor.

These are merely a very few typical details of an exceedingly large number that could be given from the multitude of official reports. A few more official facts may be added as to what factors cause industrial accidents. The 1914 report of the State of Washington Industrial Insurance Department states that of 12,586 cases during the year, 10,279 cases, or 81.7 per cent, were due to risks of trade, and only 906, or 7.2 per cent, to workmen's fault, which usually means inexperience, inattention, or other such shortcomings. Mr. Don D. Lescohier, expert of the Minnesota Bureau of Labor, states that

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hazards of industry cause 71.6 per cent, and contributory negligence only 5.2 per cent of industrial accidents in Minnesota. The Pennsylvania Industrial Accident Commission reports that thirty-five per cent of industrial accidents in that State are due to hazards of industry and twenty per cent to the negligence of the employer or his representatives, while "many accidents which in statistical tables are ascribed to the negligence of the workman himself are in reality due to overwork."

As for accidents on railways, the figures are given in the Inter-State Commerce Commission's reports of how astoundingly large a number are caused by defective equipment, defects of roadway (such as rotten ties), dangerous locomotives, and the perilous speed exacted of employees. From 1904 to 1913 a total of 29,820 derailments, killing 487 persons and injuring 8,385 persons, were caused by defective equipment, and from 1902 to 1912 defects of roadway caused 12,674 derailments, killing 517 persons and injuring 15,644 persons.

HUGH F. FOX,
Secretary United States Brewers' Association.

II

Mr. Theiss, in reply to the above letter, writes us as follows:

Mr. Fox is entirely right in saying that I did not consult the statistics with regard to the causes of industrial accidents before writing my article. I wasn't writing about the causes of industrial accidents. I was writing about the movement among the people at large to down alcohol. What little I had to say about accidents referred to specific cases that *were* caused by drinking.

Mr. Fox says that by casualty statistics alcohol is shown to be a very minor cause of accidents. He says that statistics show a negligible percentage of accidents to be due to intoxication. Doubtless that is true. But must a man be intoxicated to be under the influence of alcohol? Scientific investigation has shown that the quantity of alcohol contained in one or two glasses of beer will dim a workman's eye or unsteady his nerves sufficiently to cause an accident. Do Mr. Fox's statistics show how many of the sober workmen who were injured had drunk a glass or two of beer shortly before they were hurt? Because few of those injured are intoxicated, does it follow that therefore alcohol has nothing to do with industrial accidents? Furthermore, Mr. Fox must know that no sensible factory foreman allows an employee to attempt a dangerous task when intoxicated.

If alcohol is as innocuous as Mr. Fox would have us believe, what are we to do with the petitions to the Pennsylvania Legislature from the Harrisburg and West Chester physicians, who stated that alcohol is a poison which acts on the tissues of the body like any other poison, and who protested against the selling of it as a beverage? What are we to do with the findings of the great life insurance companies as set forth by Mr. Samuel Wilson in The Outlook for June 30? What are we to say about the captains of industry who, Mr. Fox's statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, have found "booze" a prime cause of inefficiency and accidents, and who are rigidly putting the ban on workmen who drink?

LEWIS E. THEISS.

DEPARTMENT STORE EMPLOYEES

Inasmuch as Miss Goldmark's article in The Outlook of June 7 is in the nature of an answer to mine in the same issue, may I say a few words in reply?

That the conditions I described obtain, not in all, but in most of the larger establishments, is, I think, the natural and fair inference. Nothing was further from my intention than to imply that no establishments fall below the conditions I described.

The Retail Dry Goods Association has no political power and has never tried to exert any. It did not appear before any committee to favor or oppose a single labor law introduced or passed by the Legislatures of 1913 or 1914.

With regard to wages paid, there is unfortunately no standard of salaries in this occupation, as there is no way to standardize earning capacity, but the report of the Factory Investigation Committee, as well as a prior report of a Federal investigation made under the direction of Mr. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor, showed that the earnings of women in department stores is higher than the wages of those employed in factory work, and that higher efficiency of the worker is for a longer period.

Speaking of wages, it would have been ingenuous if Miss Goldmark, when she quoted from the Factory Commission's report that of "eleven hundred employed otherwise on the premises (chiefly as waitresses and scrubwomen) over one-third receive less than $5.50 per week, four-fifths receive less than $7.50," had gone a little further and explained that most of these—in fact, all receiving the lower wages—are employed less than full time.

But one word more with reference to Miss Goldmark's doleful description of "ill-ventilated basements where hundreds of girls are employed in a stifling atmosphere." The New York City Board of Health, as well as the New York State Labor Commission, have complete control of the conditions of mercantile establishments, and may order the discontinuance of the use of basements open to such a charge.

I am sure that, with the Consumers' League so very alert to every interest of the working-girl, Miss Goldmark intended to write of the

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conditions she describes in the past tense instead of suggesting that they exist at the present time. E. W. BLOOMINGDALE.

Chicago, June 8, 1915.

TIPPING AGAIN

On page 121 of The Outlook, dated May 19, 1915, you give your unqualified indorsement of the system of "tipping" in these words: "Most tip-giving in this country is generally a payment for personal services rendered, and as such it is to be defended both on ethical and economic grounds."

While there are a few things that may be said in favor of tipping, the reasons for not encouraging the habit are much more numerous. Are not the real underlying reasons for giving a tip the subtle feelings of generosity and superiority it produces toward the person to whom the tip is given, rather than that we owe it to him for services rendered. The abuses of the tipping system will outnumber its benefits twenty to one.

The Pullman Car Company is one of the wealthiest corporations in this country, and owes its wealth mainly to the generosity of the American people. The charge of two dollars for a night's lodging on a Pullman car is ample to cover all extra attentions of the porter. Why should the public be taxed still further by this wealthy corporation simply to enable it to pay its porters the niggardly salary of $27.50 a month? The public would have much greater respect for the Pullman Company if it were to post a notice in all of its cars something like this:

"We pay our porters a generous salary for the work expected of them. We do not allow them to receive 'tips' from the public."

To the person of moderate means who travels abroad tipping has become a source, not only of permanent annoyance, but a most unwarranted expense, and it is rapidly approaching the same standard in America.

In many of our large cities concessions for cloak-rooms are eagerly sought after on account of their steady income from tips; for this reason liberal bonuses are paid to secure such concessions. The young lady who so smilingly returns your coat and takes your "tip" derives no benefit from your generosity, as you suppose. Your tip goes directly into the pocket of her employer, and he sees to it that she has no opportunity to conceal any small amounts of cash about her person, either through an occasional search or the employment at intervals of a detective, and often in a regulation of her wearing apparel by the elimination of pockets and other convenient places for concealing coin.

I have a friend who systematically tips the waiters in hotels where he expects to dine more than once, as, he claims, they expect it as a part of their pay for services rendered, notwithstanding the fair salary received from their employers. He claims also that the habit of tipping has become so universal that first-class hotel and restaurant waiters resent it if you fail to give a tip, and find some way of "getting even" if you are a regular boarder.

Every one who gives a tip is simply helping to fasten a most undesirable burden upon the people, the effect of which is to further fill the pockets of already enormously wealthy corporations, without any benefit either to the donor or the clerk who receives the tip. Indeed, the person receiving a tip is in a measure degraded, for he enters into a conspiracy with his employer to take from the public that to which he has no right, and thus is no better than the man who accomplishes the same result at the point of a revolver.

An anti-tipping society has recently been formed, which promises to have soon a very large membership, especially among traveling salesmen, who for years have been complaining of the injustice of the tip-giving system.

River Forest, Illinois. W. F. PACK.

WAR AND POPULATION

There is a curious, though very common, error in "The Duration of the World War," in your issue of June 16—an error to which it is worth while to call attention. The author states that, as Germany is growing in population at the rate of a million a year, "this means at least 500,000 fresh soldiers coming into manhood annually." It means nothing of the sort. The portion of the population within military age limits does not much exceed a third of the whole. Half of these are women. Then there is always a considerable percentage that are unfit for military duty and a percentage who cannot be spared from work at home. Probably it would be an outside figure to put the annual *increase* of men fit and available for military service between the ages of eighteen and forty-five higher than 100,000. By increasing the age limit and lowering physical standards this number could be increased, but only at the expense of efficiency.

Effective losses in war include: Loss of life from whatever cause; disability (wounds, sickness, etc.) until removed, if at all; prisoners until exchanged.

What all these losses amount to among the Germans it is impossible to say, but such estimates as have come to light indicate that they will approximate at least a million the first year. The war will therefore be a serious drain upon available material, though it may not continue long enough to have an effective influence in this respect. "The rearing of many children, . . . thus doubling the normal increase," has, of course, no bearing on the present war. For that purpose the process should have begun twenty years ago. H. M. CHITTENDEN,

Brigadier-General U. S. Army (Ret.).

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